

Behold, what Volumes to the Fires are born!
What Throngs of Bards their crackling Labours mourn!
O happy, and secure of evil Lame,
Had but themselves consignid om to the Flame!
But where are they whose Works the Muses prize?
In Trumph to the Temple, Lo! they rise:
The love of Jove, and Darlings of the Skies.



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THE HIVE.

A

COLLECTION

Of the most Celebrated

SONGS.

In THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

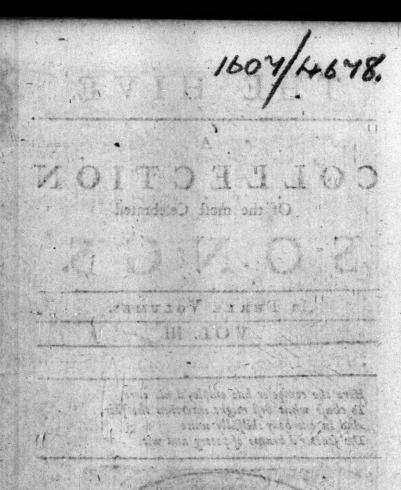
The Third Edition, with Alterations and Additions

Here the composer has employ'd his care, To chuse what best might entertain the fair, And in one body skilfully unite The scatter'd beams of poetry and wit.



ZONDON:

Printed for J. WALTHOE, over-against the Royal-Exchange in Cornbill. 1729.





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A

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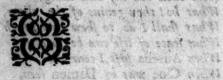
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Ye country-men de write; And do invite you to come down.

My One for the District The La I O O

The country's now in a # 10 pride,
New-dreft in lovely green;

The Strike with arious of dy do O S P Strike a local former of the strike of the strik

To deck your bolom and your hair.



Cloe feems inclin'd to rest;
Fill her foul with fond desire;
Softest notes will sooth her breast:
Pleasing dreams assist in love,
Let them all propitious prove.

On the mostly bank she lies,
Nature's verdant velvet bed;
Beauteous flowers meet her eyes,
Forming pillows for her head;
Zephyrs wast their odours round,
And indulging whispers found.



To you, fair ladies, now in town,
We country-men do write;
And do invite you to come down,
To take of our delight:
The weather's fine, the fields are gay.
And 'tis the pleasant month of May.

The country's now in all its pride,
New-drest in lovely green;
The earth, with various colours dy'd,
Displays a lovely scene;
A thousand pretty flow'rs appear,
To deck your bosom and your hair.

The cuckow's pick'd up all the dirt;
The trees are all in bloom;
If rural mutick can divert,
Each buth affords a tune:
The turtle's heard in every grove,
And milk-maids fing their fongs of love.

Cou'd we perfuade you to come down,

Our joys wou'd be compleat;

Dear ladies, leave the noify town,

And to our fhades retreat:

Wou'd you but in our fhades appear,

You'd make our fields Elizium here.

We'll shew you all our cow-slip meads,
And pleasant woods and springs;
And lead you to the tuneful shades
Where Philomela sings;
Sweet Philomela, whose warbling throat
Excels your Senesmo's note.

For you we deck and trim our bowers,

And make our gardens fine;

For you preserve our choicest flowers,

That now are in their primes and described as In I The brooks do murmur at your flays and all the Tank And winds do figh for your delay.

Come then, and take our morning air,

Just rose from flowery beds shows said to smed all 'Tis better than your snuffeby for it on blood you'll

And all perfumes exceeds: I make it out rignors band.

Our evining walks more pleasures bring: Library in 1

Than can your crowded park and ring.

For your own fakes, if not for ours,

Dear London town forego;

The country'll give your eyes new pow'rs, the won't had make each beauty glow; won yights to the lilly add the role, some outsight.

And you shall brighter charms disclose, which won't

Full to the groom or drawer's lot,

Like a flale miltrels now for got:

Here's thy facceflor!

Here's thy facceflor!

Then depart,

But why do	we gives this advice?
Tis indife	reetly done;
Like men v	the fend their foes supplies, way had but
By whom	they are undone!
'Tis adding	to your strength new pow'r,
Who had to	much of that before, and the care also all

For you we deck and trim our court

for your own asses, it not not ours,

For fill the charmer I approve, not dail no about hat.

Tho' I deplore her change.

In hours of blifs we oft have met; it most over full.

They could not always last of most most regard all.

And though the present I regret, a consisting like back.

I'm grateful for the past rain proper allow gain to med.

Thou flash, once fill dewith glorious red, than on all But empty now, for flame be gone, latt bar of light.

Thy fate bemoan, or our bar vall add or light.

For, with thy charms, my love is fled. Last now bar.

Fall to the groom or drawer's lot,

Like a stale mistress now forgot:

Here's thy successor! — Then depart,

Thou no more can'st warm my heart.

SKSHE HENES

WHEN first I beheld Clarinda's eyes,
Love did my trembling heart surprize;
Long have I hugg'd my fond amorous chain,
And long have I mourn'd the fair tyrain's distain:

Still whining and sighing, yeb melog tan't
And pining and dying.

Not once bravely trying relief to obtain.

Now shall the feeble boy refign and hid at I Wine's a specifick in every disease:

Drink wine, and frail beauty no longer shall tease?

Thus while I'm destroying in as they no!

Th' effects of proud coying in subsin on?

I'm daily enjoying and purchasing ease.

Come, put the clattering glasses round;
Hark with what harmony they found!
Enlarg'd by this burnper, my freedom I boast;
And thus I recover the heart I had lost:

But whence all this trembling bird of T

A relapse so resembling with the ovel driff.

In vain is diffembling a Clarinda's the toast in ind on?.

One cape one as attends but a reverse bith.

Suc, foftly fighing, begs dear,
And with her hand And And way;
Now out aloud for her may no receive

The now, despaining, find er cycs,

on we Y

CHESCO DE LA RESIDIO DE LA RES

Epithalamium. had want

THE day is come, I fee it rife, and I and ano. I
Betwixt the bride's and bridegroom's eyes; but.
That golden day they wished for long; but.
Love pick'd it out amidft the throng: but.
He destin'd to himself this fun;
And took the reins, and drove him on;
In his own beams he dress him bright,
Yet bid him bring a better night.

The day you wish'd arrived at last, has sense should You wish as much that it were pasts and T One minute more, and night will hide.

The bridegroom and the blushing bride.

The virgin now to bed does go;

Take care, O youth, she rise not so:

She pants and trembles at her doom,

And tears, and wishes thou woulds come. I was and the base of the pants and trembles at her doom,

The bridegroom comes, he comes apace,
With love and fury in his face;
She shrinks away, he close pursues,
And prayers and threats at once does use.
She, softly sighing, begs delay,
And with her hand puts his away;
Now out aloud for help she cries;
And now, despairing, shuts her eyes,

Youne

SISHERE REPORTED HISTORY

VOUNG Nonparelio lov'd a maid 30
As fair as e'er was feen;
The glory he of all the glade, word floties and The
And the of all the preent to and homen self IVL
The fylvan train with covy faw of sare Mission A
The land land the same and the same of
The lovely loving pair; word reach on lawrence
The fwain approach'd the nymph with awe,
The nymph the fwain with fear.
Fair Brillant fled from his complaint, The tack yell
Afraid to hear his fighs;
Afraid to hear his fighs; And doubting the with joy thou'd grant, What the with grief denies.
What she with grief denies.
She racks herfelf to feem fevere; val of annel 198
He fees the does but feign and vastor on dates out
The when prefent, the's in fear; by gaiging and
When absent, the's in paint of the revor bineg air
And o or all nature he succeeds.
With pleasure, by some murmuring stream,
She liftens to his lays met a strain washer out tor
Still glad to find herfelf the theme,
And flatter'd with his praise.
A new-torn beauty uponter the plant
Nor need he follow for her race n nise thou and
Does ne'er continue longing and live nov mint of
She flackens, when he fings, her pace in aveil
And learns her lover's fong. In liw still total

THE SERVICE STATES

The New-Year's-Gift.

As fair on elect was seen;
MYRA, reflect how of the year 13 ad maig ad T
M Has chang'd, fince first I own'd my flame,
TATIO TATIO TOTAL ACCUSOR AND
Yet cruel Myra's still the fame: waish may it and
Unnatural no longer prove, they grivel yelde out.
Reward the passion you create:
They do not live, who do not love, do danya ad ?.
By that our being we compleated both walked ne'd
The chilly winter blafts the fields, and or hand
And blooming prospects are no more;
No charms, the harrais d nature yields,
Put Contra to best levice! allel and
But feems to have lavish'd all her store; and he and
The earth no fooner feels the fun sook and and all
But fpringing verdure decks the meads; dw od !
His genial power the flowers own in trade and W
And o'er all nature he fucceeds.
With pleaface, by fome marmaring firears,
Yet, the when winter's rage is o'er, or and il said
The pregnant fpring thines forth again.
and, ipight of autumn's killing power,
A new-born beauty crowns the plain:
When your hard autumn once shall comed boon roll
In vain you will expect the fpring? To an eaol!
Faces have ne'er a feedend bloom, not w sendoul oil?
And time will endless winter bring! anneal both
The

	n darts kind his beams.	ie ai
· A plenteous harv	reft wifely make;	2 desp
Meet with a due re	eturn my flames;	
A heart both ju	fily give and take	
So shall you never		
For fear your be	auties shou'd decline and was	E A W N
	pattern leave, grangere hath	t i
And honour'd ft	ill, to ages thine to america	and the
The end which the	he for extreme the land all	

BEAUTY and innocence, distrest, a visual base distrest.

With pity first inspired my breast; and in the W

And pity kindled into love.

No cares, no courtship did I spare, and he extends and

At once to aid and win the fair;

Yet still, alas, in vain I strove that and a record to the W

The giddy nymph my aid refus'd;
My youth despis'd; my love abus'd;
Nor wou'd her wanton heart be won:
While to a homeless shepherd's arms,
The ripening harvest of her charms,
She yields, unfought; and is undone.

Pity began, and ends my flame; led attention thoy, Nor sylvis; nor my fate I blame; and the These fights alone, compassion vents.

Thus the suffering patriot grieves;

Thus the people's scorn receives;

And o'er the ruin'd land laments.

REGREE DE LE LES PAS

Meet with a due peturn my flomes, A heart both in muimalah tique So fall you never varie griers.

And prepare, prepare to prove the standard and All the extreams of coming blifs, that be more but All the foft extreams of love:

Youth and beauty now invite you To diffolve in melting pleasure;

Youth and beauty shall delight you, With all their treasure:

Indulge your raptures, and your hours possess. In ecstacies of smiling love's excess!

Wanton Zephyrs love inspires in I may at a cale alid to Y
While they fan the whispering trees;

Present Cupid lights thy fire, you dearway thing of T.
Present beauty gives thee case: has been thought

Happy pair indulge the bleffing datas w red blow 1011

Damp no joy with needless rigour; and a consid W

While securely you're careffing, flavand guineque all Raise the blis with mutual vigous and unloughed ship and

Your murmurs fofter than the turtles prove.

Than Conches more cl. your kiffes when you loves
And when around your curling arms you twine,

More strict embraces give, than ivy, or the vine.

Thus the people's from receives;

SHEET CENTERSON

A Defiance to Cup D. conner 1

On me, wou'd harmless prove.

You point with beamy fired lang them and or T
Strephon each killing glance defies, the moon in head of T
And looks without defire, the fire the fir

Thy Cloe's dimpled cheeks adornative and vide would With gay, bewitching smiles:

I laugh at all her wanton foorns and annion of sample And triumph o'er her wiles. and you avoi you should

The snowy neck, the slender waist.

The gently-bending brow,

The ruby lip, with moisture grac'd,

I view without a vow.

Shou'd thy bright mother, beauty's queen,
Court me with open arms;
Adonis-like, wou'd I be feen
To flight her proffer'd charms.

This hald defiance strephen lends: Hence, baffled boy, remove.

We are not foes; we are not friends:

I cannot will not love.

To CELIA'S Spinet.

war or for boar thy childed

I count will not love;

Tell her my grief in thy harmonious lay.

To fhun my moan, to thee she'll fly,

To her touch be fure reply;

And, if she removes it, die.

Know thy bliss, with rapture shake,

Tremble o'er all thy numerous make;

Speak in melting sounds my tears,

Speak my joys, my hopes, my fears.

Thus force her, when from me she'd fly,

By her own hand, like me, to die.



This

Song

The the erates take b

EXICE FOR THE PROPERTY.

Song for the KING's Birth-Day. Twenty-eighth of May, 1716.

AY thy flow'ry garlands by, Ever blooming gentle May! Other honours now are nigh; The trived vity of P Other honours fee we pay. Lay thy flowry, &c. soil were soil and soil of

Finer than the palated bowl Majesty and great renown Carollos thall recay thee Wait thy beamy brow to crown, Parent of our hero, thou GEORGE on Britain didft bestow. Thee the trumpet, thee the drum, With the plumy helm become; Than che bloom Thee the fpear and shining shield, With every trophy of the warlike field.

Call thy better bleffings forth, For the honour of his birth: Still the voice of loud commotion, Bid complaining murmur cease, With ale that is port Lay the billows of the ocean; And compose the land in peace, activity said and Call thy better, &c. wolls? an rou sad roquard a roll

Queen of odours, fragrant May, For this boon, this happy day,

Vol. III.

8

Farmer.

Janus, with the double face
Shall to thee refign his place;
Thou shalt rule with better grace:
Time from thee shall wait his doom;
And thou shalt lead the year for every age to come.

Fairest month! in Casar pride thee,

Nothing like him canst thou bring,
Tho' the graces smile beside thee;
Tho' thy bounty gives the spring.

Tho' like Flora thou array thee,

Finer than the painted bow;

Carolina shall repay thee

All thy sweetness, all thy show;

She herself a glory greater

Than thy golden sun discloses,

And her smiling off-spring sweeter

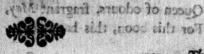
Than the bloom of all thy roses.

PR'Y THEE fill me the glass, and so monod and row Till it laughs in my face,

With ale that is potent and mellow;

He that whines for a lass
Is an ignorant ass,

For a bumper has not its fellow.



Call thy better bleffings fintly,

CHOKO # CHOKO # CHOKO

The Conjurer's Song:

Ye powers that dwell with fates below,

And fee what men are doom'd to do;

Where elements in difcord dwell,

Thou god of fleep, arife, and tell,

Tell great Zempoalla what strange fate

Must on her dismal vision wait.

By the croaking of the toad, In their caves that make abode: Earthy Dun that pants for breath, With her fwell'd fides full of death; By the crefted adders pride, That along the cliffs do glide; the and or By thy visage fierce and black; or late of the T By the death's-head on thy back; By the twifted ferpents placed amount worl For a girdle round thy waift; By the hearts of gold that deck Thy breafts, thy shoulders, and thy neck From thy fleepy manfion rife, And open thy unwilling eyes; the his he when his O While bubbling fprings their mulick keep, 410 Wo i That use to lull thee in thy sleep.

MAG

CEEK not to know what must not be reveal'd, Joys only flow where fate is most conceal'd; Too busy man wou'd find his forrows more, If future fortunes he shou'd know before; For, by that knowledge of his deftiny, He wou'd not live at all, but always die. Enquire not then who shall from bonds be freed. Who tis shall wear a crown, or who shall bleed All must submit to their appointed doom; Fate and misfortune will too quickly come. Let me no more with powerful charms be prest, I am forbid by fate to tell the reft. There and ve

Earthy Dan that pasts for breach,

the fresh title fall of death;

Let me, &cot ede estern ands sover shall al.

By the graded adders pride. To love and to languish, a mis and the To figh and complain, How killing's the anguish, no band with the How tormenting the pain! magnit a flight and all Purfuing, wood and the part of the cold

Suing, Ty ordula, the drouders, and the negative

That the

Form the Wings medical rife. Denying, O the curse of disdain, How tormenting's the paint a maint amblant siddly To have, &co. it was ni ends lipl of alu and T

SEMBER TENEMBRE

Say, muse, what numbers shall relate,
What verse be found to praise my Annie!
On her ten thousand graces wait,
Each swain admires, and owns she's bonny;
Since first she trod the happy plain,
She has set each youthful heart on fire:
Each nymph does to her swain complain,
That Annie kindles new desire.

This lovely darling, dearest care,

This new delight, this charming Amie, I driew of T

Like summer's dawn she's fresh and fair, I don an all a

When Flora's fragrant breezes fan ye:

All day the amorous youth convene, and you about the

Joyous they sport and play before her;

All night, when she no more is seen,

In blissful dreams they still adore her.

Among the crowd Amyntor came,

He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to Amie;

His rifing fighs express his flame,

His words were few, his wishes many.

With smiles the lovely maid reply'd,

"Kind shepherd, why shou'd I deceive ye?

"Alas! your love must be deny'd,

"This destin'd breast can ne'er relieve ye.

C 36

MERW

" Young

"Young Damon came with Capid's art,
"His wiles, his finiles, his looks beguiling;

" He stole away my virgin heart:

" Ceafe, poor Amentor, ceafe bewailing;

" Some brighter beauty you may find,

"On yonder plain the nymphs are many;

the his at each youthful hard on tire

"Then chuse some heart that's unconfin'd

" And leave to Damon his own Annie.

The vain pursuit, fond youth, give o'er,
What more, alas! can Flavia do,
Thy worth I own, thy fate deplore;
All are not happy that are true.

Suppress thy fighs, and weep no more;
Shou'd heaven and earth with thee combine,
Twere all in vain; fince any power.

To crown thy love, must alter mine:

But, if revenge can case thy pain. I have set a sould I'll search those ills. I cannot cure sould be sould I'll thee I drag a hopeless chain. I have a sould be sould be a sould be sould be a sould be s



ibre visve eds what daiw

CERSORGE SERVENESS

WHEN Aurelia first I courted,
She had youth and beauty too,
Killing pleasures when she sported;
All her charms were ever new and to all the

Subtle time hath now deceiv'd her, and an additional to the Which her glories did uphold;
All her arts can ne'er reprieve her;
Poor Aurelia's growing old.

Those airy spirits which invited to the state and the same of the same and the same and those eyes are now benighted policies and those eyes are now benighted policies and the same same and those eyes are now benighted.

Which were comets heretofore.

Want of those abate her merits,

Yet I've passion for her name: "an I min a vinem o'T

Only kind and amorous spirits "and a man all sud

Kindle and maintain a flame." Is solding solding the si'T



CSECOLO DE CONTROL DE

We fwear we shall die too het als.

Her eyes do our hearts so enthrall; we make to gaille.

But 'tis for her pelf, or too onew annua and life.

And not for her felf;

"Tis all artifice, artifice all, wood won dark stalt ordes."

The maidens are coy,

They'll pith, and they'll fie,

And fwear if you're rude they will call;

But whifper so low, it is abid to state with elod T

By which you may know around her bidger on A

"Tis all artifice, artifice all, and won an argument had

My dear, the wives cry,

If ever you die,

To marry again I ne'er shall; and not maisted ovel to Y

But less than a year, and a common but has ying

Will make it appear and a common but of the X

'Tis all artifice, artifice all.

In matters of ftate,
And party debate,
For church and for justice they bawl;
But if you'll attend.
You'll find in the end.
Tis all artifice, artifice all.

112 H V7

BEFERENCE ENGINEER

The groves and streams can tell;
Those blasted with my sighs appear,
These with my tears o'er-swell:
But sighs and tears bring no redress,
And Love that sees me grieve,
Conspires with Silvia to oppress
The heart he shou'd relieve.

The god that shou'd reward my pain,

Makes Silvia more my foe;

As she increases in distain,

He makes my passion grow:

And must I, must I still admire

Those eyes that cause my gries?

Tis just; since I my self conspire

Against my own relief.

Charle Live Liast CA.

IN O

Curio, god of pleafing anguish,
Teach the enamour'd swain to languish,
Teach him sierce desires to know.
Heroes wou'd be lost in story,
Did not love inspire their glory;
Love does all that's great below.

AKE off your glass that's full, homeon TAHE Fill up your glass that's empty; Let none be flow or dull, the stand stout Drink twenty, and then twenty.

Let bumpers round be toft; Yet, friends, take heed of spilling; have a signo And, left fome time be loft, I would ad tuste an'T Be drinking still or filling.

The gold that flood a Come, Jack, here's to the best; To what all love I'm drinking; at a hornal off I need not name the rest, Each on — his nymph is thinking,

ITTE'LL drink, and we'll never have done, boys; Put the glass then round with the fun, boys, Let Apollo's example invite us; For he's drunk every night, And that makes him to bright, to boy at 194 That he's able next morning to light us.

Those eyes that can be not says clear. The full stace I my led contained but I contain the U.S.



MINGHE SHERE SHEDENK

OH! my treasure, now aniholic a of a ring W

Crown my pleasure, misseld a si ment M W

Let this be the happy night; multiple mass viscol! O

Bless, oh, bless me! change does no saved

Kindly press me, comba hadren moy four to 1.

Let me die with dear delight.

Leave this trembling, and on the country of the cou

DEAR charmer of my pleasure, And mil and I talk
I only wait your leifure,
To crown me with the treasure

in a choice and beautiful redices proved the

Of your tender hearts you also at a vol to box tend?

Now, deareft, kindly use me, and so it is to a set a s





W HILE I'm a pleading your beauty to gain,

My heart is a bleeding, I fear your distain.

O! lovely dear creature,

Divine in each feature,

Let not your faithful adore you in vain.

O! where shall I wander, despairing with grief,
But to you, dear Clos, to give me relief;
All forrows they sly me,
When you come but nigh me,
Of all the world's pleasure, 'tis you are the chief.

Why does my heart thus reftless prove?
What wou'd the tedious trifler have?
Alas! I fear I'm sick of love;
The fool is caught, fair Myra's slave.

And cure those ills too late I find, it is done to the late I beg not you would break my chains, I down not had but in the same my fair one bind. I have you on the I would have the late I would have the late I would have the late I would have the I beg not you are lated as I would have the late I would have I would have the late I would have I would

Will account for all its finalt.



WHILE

but stone one vice and W

HERCHES PROPERTY

To the Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

In beauty or wit,

No mortal, as yet,

To question your empire has dar'd;

But men of discerning

Have thought, that in learning

To yield to a lady, was hard.

Impertinent schools,
With musty dull rules,
Have reading to females deny'd;
So Papists refuse
The bible to use,
Lest flocks shou'd be wife as their guide.

'Twas a woman at first

(Indeed she was curst)

In knowledge that tasted delight;

And sages agree

The laws shou'd decree

To the first possessor the right.

Then bravely, fair dame,
Renew the old claim,
Which to your whole fex does belong;

Then carn to the bottle, that flower with delig

And let men receive
From a fecond bright Eve
The knowledge of right and of wrong.

But if the first Eve

Hard doom did receive

When only one apple had she,

What a punishment new

Must be found out for you,

Who, tasting, have robb'd the whole tree?

PRYTHEE figh no more, fond fwain,

If Cloe will be false, in vain

You give yourself a fruitless pain.

Tis not loving, 'tis not dying

Holds the heart that wou'd be flying:

Nor love, nor merit, you will find,

Can fix the fickle heart of changeful womankind.

Then turn to the bottle, that flows with delights,

That gives life to our days, and brisk joys to our nights.

Here no Cloe, no cares, no falshood is found,

While wit, wine and mirth fly jovially round.

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toren toren bah.



CHEMINE DECEMBER

HARK, my Flora, love doth call us
To the strife that must befal us;
He hath robb'd his mother's myrtles,
And hath pull'd her downy turtles,
See our genial posts are crown'd,
And our beds like billows rise:
Softer lists are no where found,
And the strife itself's the prize.

Let not shades and dark affright thee,
Thy eyes have lustre that will light thee:
Think not any can surprize us,
Love himself doth now disguise us:
From thy waist thy girdle throw,
Night and silence both wait here;
Words or actions who can know,
Where there's neither eye nor ear?

Shew thy bosom, and then hide it;
Licence touching, and then chide it;
Proffer something, and forbear it;
Give a grant, and then forswear it;
Ask where all my shame is gone,
Call us wanton, wicked men;
Do as turtles, kiss and groan;
Say thou ne'er shalt joy again.

対象の方式

I can hear thee curse, yet chase thee;
Drink thy tears, yet still embrace thee:
Easy riches are no treasure,
She that's willing, spoils the pleasure;
Love bids learn the wrestler's sleight,
Pull and struggle when we twine;
Let me use my force to night,
The next conquest shall be thine.

DEAR pretty maid, don't fly me fo,
But once more turn this way.
Don't fly me fo, turn once more;
Pretty maid, turn this way.

In tender amours, we'll pais away time.

With innocent fport and joy;

We'll fweetly love, and our days

Happily thus employ.

And our genial politice tellowers.

Remember, my dearest,

Beauty will soon decay;

Think, oh my dear, time goes on,

Beauty will soon decay.



EXCRETATION STATEMENT

B Low, blow, Boreas, blow, and let thy furly winds Make the billows foam and roar;
Thou canst no terror breed in valiant minds,
But spite of thee we'll live and find a shoar.

Then cheer, my mates, and be not aw'd,.

But keep the gun-room clear;

Tho' hell's broke loose, and the devils roar abroad,.

Whilst we have sea-room here, boys, never fear.

Hey! how she tosses up, how far!

The mounting top-mast touch'd a star;

The meteors blaz'd as through the clouds we came;

And Salamander-like we liv'd in slame.

But now, now we fink, now, now we go
Down to the deepest shades below:
Alas! alas! where are we now!
Who, who can tell!
Sure 'tis the lowest room of hell,
Or where the sea-gods dwell;
With them we'll live, with them we'll live and reign,
With them we'll laugh, and sing, and drink amain;
But see, we mount, see, see, we rife again!

Chorus.

Ibo' flashes of lightning, and tempests of rain, Do fiercely contend which shall conquer the main; Tho' the captain does swear, instead of a prayer, And the sea is all fire by the damons of the air;

We'll drink and defy, We'll drink and defy.

The mad spirits that fly From the deep to the sky,

And fing whilft loud thunder, and fing whilft loud than-Ital was an silve (der does bettom;

For fate fill will have not mine the A kind fate for the brave, all and and and And ne'er make his grave Of a salt-water wave,

To drown, to drown, no, never to drown a good fellow.

two to any ord whether tiels that



CHESCOSSES CHARLES

And fuch a light difcover,

As may the absent fun fupply,

And cheer the drooping lover.

Arife, my day, with fpeed arife, and all my forrows bandh;

Before the fun of thy bright eyes

All gloomy terrors vanish.

No longer let me figh in vain,
And curse the hoarded treasure:
Why shou'd you love to give us pain,
When you were made for pleasure?

The petty powers of hell destroy;

To save's the pride of heaven:

To you the first, if you prove coy;

If kind, the last is given.

The choice then fure's not hard to make Betwixt a good and evil; Which title had you rather take, My goddess, or my devil?



gvoli

THE CHAINS THE PARTY OF THE PAR

L ove arms himself in Celia's eyes,
Whene'er weak reason wou'd rebel;
And every time I dare be wife,
Alas! a deeper wound I feel.

Repeated thoughts present the ill,

Which seeing I must still endure;

They tell me love has darts to kill,

And wisdom has no power to cure.

Then cruel reason give me rest,

Quit in my heart thy seeble hold;

Go try thy force in Celia's breast,

For that is disengag'd and cold:

There all thy nicest arts employ;
Confess thy self her beauty's slave;
And argue, whilst she may destroy,
How great, how god-like tis to save.



ARISE!

CHEMENOTORISMENT

ARISE, arise, great dead, for arms renown'd, Rise from your urns, and save your dying story; Your deeds will be in dark oblivion drown'd, For mighty William seizes all your glory.

Again the British trumpet founds,
Again Britannia bleeds;
To glorious death, or comely wounds,
Her god-like monarch leads.

Pay us, kind fate, the debt you owe,

Coelestial minds from clay untie;

Let coward spirits dwell below,

And only give the brave to die.

BEAUTY is not what I pray,

I ask no shining graces;

Celia has another way;

Without the tricks of faces.

So our humours still agree,

Kind heav'n, it is enough for me,

But of a moment's lafting:
Fruit, that doth fo quickly cloy.

It furfeits but with taffing.
No true blifs in love we find,
Unlefs two bodies share one mind.

MEAR

Custom

STATES AND THE WASIE

C US TO M, alas! doth partial prove,

Nor gives us even measure:

To maids it is a pain to love,

But 'tis to men a pleasure.

They freely can their thoughts explain,
Whilft ours must burn within:
We have got eyes and tongues in vain,
And truth from us is sin.

Men to new joys and conquests fly,
And yet no hazard run:

Poor we are left if we deny;
Or if we yield, undone.

Then equal laws let custom find,

Nor either sex oppress:

More freedom give to womankind,

Or give to mankind less.

CHSTON



. Without the wicks of hous.

Unless and sodies there one raind

HEAR,

HOLOGENSEENSTICH

Hear, ye ladies that despise

What the mighty love has done,

Fear examples, and be wise,

Fair Calisto was a nun.

Lada, sailing on the Stream,

To deceive the hopes of man,

Love accounting but a dream,

Doated on a filver swan;

Danaë, in a brazen tower,

Where no love was, lov'd a shower.

Hear, ye ladies that are coy,

What the mighty love can do,

Fear the fierceness of the boy,

The chaste moon he makes to wooe;

Vesta, kindling holy fires,

Circled round about with spies,

Never dreaming loose desires,

Doting at the altar dies:

Ilion, in a short hour, higher

He can build, and once more fire.



独主工业

DESCRIPTION OF THE PROPERTY OF

When I view her fost eyes; her languishing air;
Her merit so great; my own merit so small;
It makes me adore; and it makes me despair.

But when I consider, that she squanders on fools
All those treasures of beauty with which she is stor'd;
My fancy it damps, my passion it cools,
And it makes me despise what before I ador'd.

Thus fometimes I despair, and sometimes I despise;
I love, and I hate, but I never esteem;
The passion grows up, when I view her bright eyes;
Which my rivals destroy, when I look upon them.

How wifely does nature things diff'rent unite!

In such odd compositions our safety is found;

As the blood of the scorpion is a cure for the bite,

So her folly makes whole whom her beauty does

(wound,



AKTICH THE MENEURS AND THE NA

The Plain-Dealing Lover.

With a squeeze by the hand, and then with a kiss; You, like an arch baggage, for ever reply, In the same loving mood, can you live, sir, and die? Then you ask me, how long this same passion will last, And if I shan't cool, when the moment is past? Such questions as these might e'en damp a beginner, And must certainly puzzle an old batter'd sinner. But to shew you, for once, how much I despise To tell you, like some men, a thousand damn'd lyes, My mind, dearest girl, in sew words you shall know, And if, on those terms, you think well of it, so; If not, for my part, I shall ne'er take it ill, For if one woman won't, there are thousands that will.

That I like you at present, you never can doubt;
For what do I take all this trouble about?
That my passion is real, and void of disguise,
You may feel by my pulse; you may read in my eyes:
When these roll so fast, and that beats so quick,
The dence, must be in't, if it's all but a trick.

Thy fresh ruddy lips, and thy teeth all so white,
Thy round tempting bubbies, which heave with delight.
Thy trim taper shape, and thy dear little feet,
Thy voice that's so soft, and thy breath that's so sweet,
Vol. III.

E
Thy

Thy bright beaming eyes, and thy gay golden hair; Provoke a fenfation too killing to bear; Above or below nothing faulty is feen, And, faith I dare answer for what lies between,

So many rare charms furely never can cloy, But night after night, wou'd afford one new joy; Methinks, in my passion, I never cou'd vary, If a thousand examples didn't prove the contrary: For, like other men, I am but flesh and blood; Yet, if I'm no better, I hope I'm as good; Then fince, dearest Molly, any one whom you take, Is as likely as me, to prove falle and forfake, If you e'er run the hazard, let me be your man, And I'll love you as much, and as long as I can. We'll toy, ramp, and revel, we'll bill, and we'll coo, And do every thing else, which young lovers do. But if, upon tryal, and often repeating, (For the proof of the pudding's, you know, in the eating) Your passion or mine from the biass shou'd run, As in crouds of each fex it already has done; Shou'd we grow cool and civil, why e'en let us part, Nor strive to keep up a dull passion by art; For 'tis folly, 'tis nonfense, our nature to force, As spurring a jade only makes her the worse: At formal restraint let us neither repine, But give back my heart, and I'll return thing of ver'T Thy round tempting bulblich which acreawing telegate

Thy trim taper flame, and this diff little feet,

CHOMOMOMOMOMOMO

Fair nymph, remember all your foorn
Will be by time repaid;
Those glories which that face adorn,
And flourish as the rising morn,
Must one day set and fade:
Then all your cold disdain for me
Will but increase deformity,
When still the kind will lovely be.
Compassion is of lasting praise,
For that's the beauty ne'er decays.

Fair nymph, avoid those storms of fate
Are to the cruel due;
The powers above, tho' ne'er so late,
Can be, when they revenge your hate,
As pitiless as you.
Know, charming maid, the powers divine
Did never such soft eyes design
To wound a heart so true as mine:
That god who my dear slame infus'd,
Will never see it thus abus'd.



Was awardly siry, and frequently four:

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CHETS REPORTED IN

April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
And summer approaching, rejoyceth the swain,
The yellow-hair'd laddie wou'd oftentimes go
To wilds and deep glens where the haw-thorn trees
grow;

There, under the shade of an old facred thorn, HW With freedom he sung his loves, evening and morn; He sang with so soft and inchanting a sound, That silvans and fairies unseen danc'd around,

The shepherd thus sung. The young Maya be fair, Her beauty is dash'd by a scornful proud air; But Susse was handsome, and sweetly cou'd sing. Her breath like the breezes persum'd in the spring.

That Madie, in all the gay bloom of her youth, Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke truth; But Susse was faithful, good-humour'd and free, And fair as the goddess that sprung from the sea.

That Mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dower, Was awkardly airy, and frequently four:
Then, fighing, he wish'd, wou'd parents agree,
The witty sweet sufe his mistress might be.



SEMENDE FEMERAL SEMESIC

O H love, that stronger art than wine!

Pleasing delusion, witchery divine,

Wont to be priz'd above all wealth,

Disease that has more joys than health;

Tho' we blaspheme thee in our pain,

And of thy tyranny complain,

We all are better'd by thy reign.

What reason never can bestow

We to this useful passion owe.

Love wakes the dull from sluggish case,

And learns a clown the art to please;

Humbles the vain, kindles the cold,

Makes misers free, and cowards bold;

Tis he reforms the fot from drink,

And teaches airy sops to think.

When full brute appetite is fed,

And choak'd the glutton lies, and dead,

Thou new spirits dost dispense,

And sine'st the gross delights of sense.

Virtue's unconquerable aid,

That against nature can perswade,

And makes a roving mind retire

Within the bounds of just desire;

Chearer of age, youth's kind unrest,

And half the heaven of the bless.

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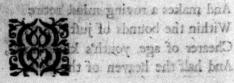
ET's be jovial, fill our glaffes, Madness 'tis for us to think control animals' How the world is rul'd by affes, and his of ad at the W And the wife are fway'd by chink are and to the short

Then never let vain cares oppress us, Riches are to them a fnare; We're every one as rich as Crafus, While our bottle drowns our care.

Wine will make us red as roles, worthen the on a W. And our forrows quite forget; il list ads early sort Come let's fuddle all our nofes, to still metals in atread he A Drink ourselves quite out of debt. brakes milely they are convards belds

When grim death comes looking for us, amount of all We are toping off our bowls, and the restaurable back Bacchus joining in the chorus, Death, begone, here's none but fouls.

and chockly the glutton lies, and dead God-like Bacchus thus commanding, which wan north Trembling death away shall fly, Ever after understanding,
Drinking souls can never die.



We all are bettere

ASSESTED HEART BEAUTY

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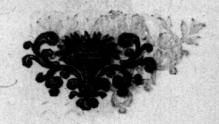
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ev dr da dw dw dw

A H! how fweet to fee the eyes and you would not I When the nymph extended lies was all asket I realtone II Full of love and warm idefres in in neit at solo to Y Conscious red her face o'er spreading of add drive fieldall And her heaving bolom riling;) and and anon dold! Milky paths to raptures leading, Murmuring fighs her joys disguising.

Happy lovers only know

The bliss that from consenting lovers flow. Listen then to young defire, polis . I had I need w salawiA Nor with your pride against your blis conspire of orall Defire, like a faithful friend, Perfuades fubflantial pleasures Like chymick boafts your pride will end My railing her farmer In meer imagin'd treasure. And la produce Then fure the strife you'll soon decide Good-patture nad (What can your scruples move?) For the joy flic mig Betwixt the fickly glare of pride,



And generous warmth of love.

Sauu I

FAIR Clos my breaft to alarms of marin word in From her power I no refuge can find: If another I take in my arms, shartes righty a set roll.

Yet Cloe is then in my mind; they had stol to buil Unbleft with the joy, ftill a pleasure I want, 2005,000 Which none but my Cloe, my Cloe can grant.

si antamana di adace valan Let my Cloe but fmile, I grow gay, And I feel my heart fpring with delight; myel yaquil On Clos I cou'd gaze all the day, noo more suit fill out?

And Cloe do wish for each night; Awake when I think, alleep if I dreamy or most made in Here Cloe's the image, there Cloe the theme, which now

Define, like a faithful fift Oh! did Clee but know how I love, And the pleasure of loving again, sale of doing about the My passion her favour wou'd move, And in prudence she'd pity my pain;

ALLY

Good-nature and interest shou'd both make her kind, For the joy she might give, and the joy she might find.



ninsmi mom ni

HERE ne'er was fo wretched a lover as Lo ad ? Whose hopes are for ever prevented; I'm neither at rest when Amynta looks coy, Nor when the looks kind am contented:

Her frowns give a pain I'm unable to bear, The thoughts of tem let me a trembling; 3 4 3 1 And her smiles are a joy to great, that I fear blost Left they shou'd be no more but diffembling.

into Capia's contile disc Then prythee, Amynta, consent and be kind; A pox of this troublesome wooing in the bow of w For I find I shall ne'er be at peace in my mind, Till once you and I have been doing the liel yard!

Let old chartains yield to new. For shame, let your lover no longer complain Of usage that's hard above measures But fince I have carry'd fuch loads of love's pain. Now let me take toll of the pleasure.



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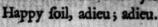
The following English Cantata was fung at the Opera House in the Hay-Market, by Seignora DURASTANTI, being then about to quit this Kingdom.

her browns give a paint for death to been, done GENEROUS, gay, and gallant nation, smooth on't Land fecure from all invasion, and blood vests for All, but Cupid's gentle darts.

From your charms, oh! who wou'd run? Who wou'd leave you for the fun? For I find I stell ne'er be at peace to my mind

Happy foil, adieu, adieu; of svall I bear now some IST Let old charmers yield to new. In arms, in arts, be full more thining, All your joys be still increasing All your taftes be still refining,

But let old charmers yield to new:





110

To Seignora Cuzzoni.

ITTLE Syren of the flage, Truned and AMETA Charmer of an idle age; notherward goolA Empty warbler, breathing lyre, a shape a will north a T Wanton gale of fond defire;

Bane of every manly art, Sweet enfeebler of the heart: O, too pleafing in thy ftrain, the later the l Hence, to fouthern climes again.

Tuneful mischief, vocal spell, To this island bid farewel; Leave us as we ought to be, Leave the Britons rough and free.

CRUEL despair, no more torment mes, and or No more my blooming hopes annoy; Let foft delufion, to content me, and that has Arise with flattering dreams of joy.

a drive President book about temperat above the

Father Pone No more my bleeding heart shall languish In fighs, the voice of filent grief; No more I'll dread the painful anguish; Sweet hope returning brings relief.

Williams.

Then they proved to

Apollo and Daphne.

APHNE, the beautiful and coy, Along the winding shore of Peneus slew, To thun love's tender offer'd joy, Tho' 'twas a god that did her charms purfue: While thus Apollo, in a moving strain, Awak'd his lyre, and foftly breath'd his amorous pain.

Fairest mortal, stay and hear, Cannot love, with mufick join'd, the that all some H Touch thy unrelenting mind! Turn thee, leave thy trembling fear, Fairest mortal, stay and hear.

The river's ecchoing banks with pleasure did prolong The fweetly measured founds, and murmur'd with a (long.

Dapline fled swifter in despair, To shun the god's embrace; And to the genius of the place, She figh'd this wondrous prayer. Artic Wich Harron

Father Peneus, hear me, aid me, Let some sudden change invade me, Fix me rooted on the shore: No more I'll direct Cease, Apollo, to persuade me; I am Daphne now no more. ollogA 2

Apolla

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An

Apollo wondering stood to see

The nymph transform'd into a tree;

Vain were his lyre, his voice, his tuneful art,

His passion and his race divine;

Nor cou'd th' eternal beams that round his temples

Melt the cold virgin's frozen heart.

Nature alone can love inspire, and the standard of the standar

Nature alone, &c.

erregion of kimble in acoust 111

T'LL fail upon the dog-star,

And then pursue the morning;

I'll chase the moon, till it be noon,

I'll make her leave her horning.

I'll climb the frosty mountain,

And there I'll coin the weather;

I'll tear the rainbow from the sky,

And tye both ends together;

The stars pluck from their orbs too,

And croud them in my budget:

And whether I'm a roaring boy,

Let all the nation judge it.



model vin all about v

Reverse and a second se

A no I'll o'er the moor to Maggy,

Her wit and fweetness call me;

Then to my fair I'll shew my mind,

Whatever may befal me.

If she love mirth, I'll learn to fing;

Or likes the nine to follow,

I'll lay my lugs in Pindus' spring,

And invocate Apollo.

If the admire a martial mind,

I'll sheath my limbs in armour;

If to the softer dance inclin'd,

With gayest airs I'll charm her;

If she love grandeur, day and night

I'll plot my nation's glory,

Find favour in my prince's fight,

And shine in future story.

Beauty can wonders work with eafe,

Where wit is corresponding,

And bravest men know best to please,

With complaisance abounding.

My bonny Maggy's love can turn

Me to what shape she pleases,

If in her breast that shame shall burn

Which in my bosom blazes.

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Mr

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CHENT OF THE SEE

M y goddess, Lidia, heavenly fair, As lillies sweet, as soft as air; Let loose thy tresses, spread thy charms, And to my love give fresh alarms.

O let me gaze on those bright eyes; Tho' facred lightning from 'em flies: Shew me that fost, that modest grace, Which paints with charming red thy face.

Give me ambrofia in a kifs,

That I may rival fove in blifs;

That I may mix my foul with thine,

And make the pleasure all divine.

O hide thy bosom's killing white,
(The milky-way is not so bright;)
Lest you my ravish'd soul oppress
With beauty's pomp, and sweet excess.

Why draw'st thou from the purple flood
Of my kind heart the vital blood?
Thou art all over endless charms!
O take me, dying, to thy arms.



awa mano en a la kale

ETERS CASSES AND INCH

A s early I walk'd, on the first of sweet May,
Beneath a steep mountain,
Beside a clear fountain,
I heard a grave lute fost melody play,
Whilst the eccho resounded the dolorous lay,

I listen'd and look'd, and spy'd a young swain,
With aspect distressed,
And spirits oppressed,
Seem'd clearing afresh like the sky after rain;
And thus he discover'd how he strove with his pain.

Tho' Eliza be coy, why shou'd I repine

That a maid much above me,

Vouchsafes not to love me?

In her high sphere of worth I ne'er cou'd shine;

Then why shou'd I seek to debase her to mine?

No! henceforth esteem shall govern desire,

And in due subjection

Return warm affection;

To shew that self-love inflames not my fire,

And that no other swain can more humble admire.

When passion shall cease to rage in my breast,

Then quiet returning,

Shall hush my sad mourning,

And lord of my self, in absolute rest,

I'll hug the condition which heav'n shall think best.

Thus friendship unmix'd, and wholly refin'd,

May still be respected,

Tho' love is rejected:

Eliza shall own, tho' to love not inclin'd,

That she ne'er had a friend like her lover resign'd.

May the fortunate youth, who hereafter shall woo,
With prosprous endeavour,
And gain her dear favour,
Know as well as I what to Eliza is due;
Be much more deserving, but never less true.

Penn'd for all fates, remaindring the finain.
Who grew through wife abox loving in value.

I wall be true that I do think,

There are five reasons we shou'd drink:

Good wine, a friend, or being dry,

Or lest we shou'd be by-and-by,

Or any other reason why.



BILLS

all the row ful appropria

HILST I, disengag'd from all amorous cares, Sweet liberty tailing, countries aid god III On calmest peace feating, Employing my reason to dry up my tears, In hopes of heaven's bliffes I'll friend my few years.

Thorson is rejected: Ye powers that prefide over vertuous love, Come aid me with patience, and and and To bear my vexations;

With equal defires my flutt'ring heart move, and with With fentiments pureft my notions improve.

If love in his fetters e'er catch me again, May courage protect me, And prudence direct me; Prepar'd for all fates, rememb'ring the fwain; Who grew happily wife, after loving in vain.



SUM

经验证证证的

Sum up all the delights the world does produce
The darling allurements now chiefly in use;
You'll find, when compar'd, there's none can contend.
With the solid enjoyments of bottle and friend:
For honour, or wealth, or beauty may waste,
Those joys often sade, and but rarely do last,
They're so hard to attain, and so easily lost,
That the pleasure ne'er answers the trouble and cost,
None like wine and true friendship are lasting and sure,
From jealousy free, and from envy secure;
Then sill up the glasses until they run o'er,
A friend and good wine are the charms we adore.

PALE faces stand by, and our bright ones adore,
We look like our wine, you worse than our score;
Come light up our pimples, all art we out-shine,
When the plump god does paint, each streak is divine;
Clean glasses are pencils, old claret is oil,
He that sits for his picture must sit a good while.



Lord O

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EXCREMENCE OF U

THE lass of Peatie's milly and the sale of the sale of 1 So bonny, blyth and gay, a multiple line of T Co Inspite of all my skill, the design on medw, but You's Hath stole my heart away ream rough bed od add will When tedding of the hay, to ellew to received to? Bare-headed on the green, as ale mario and ster ? Love 'midst her locks did play, the or hand of arrest? And wanton'd in her eyn ... when on that's the tad'? Her arms, white, round and smooth, Breafts rifing in their dawn, and did on theod? To age it wou'd give youth

To press 'em with his hand. Thro' all my spirits ran-An extafy of bhis When I much fweetness fand, Take force field b Wrapt in a balmy kifs. We look like our wines Without the help of art, manie all quality and Like flow'rs which grace the wild, note on malw She did her fweets impart, bulling so hig and Whene'er the spoke or smild: The sol and sold and all Her looks they were fo mild, Free from affected pride, She me to love beguil'd, I wish'd her for my bride

Q had I all that wealth Hoptoun's high mountains fill. Infur'd long life and health. And pleasures at my will; I'd promise and fulfil, Mails or nicy nick? That none but bonny she, Little shoots on grief or sads The lass of Peatie's mill Let our money fiv. Shou'd share the same wi'me. a haviored no toA

shot wine, and good cherry ONGE in our lives and me to stick at MW Let us drink to our wives, wanted no said all Tho' their numbers be but small; ovil ow amir adT Heaven take the best, To wind let us give, And the devil take the religio of and flata fia sonic And fo we shall get rid of them all Hand about the b To this hearty wish Let each man take his diff. were to the thinks with And drink, drink till he fall magnator begat van or bul A fig for chink,

All worldworre is inadocif.



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OME

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-Did Las Eleves ET

barrel too barra didil

OME, let us drink, Tis in vain to think, Like fools on grief or fadness; programme to and sell Let our money fly, And our forrows die, and would ob and back? All worldly care is madness.

But wine, and good chear, Will, in spite of our fear, which was a some Inspire our hearts with mirth, boys The time we live wasne tue od andmost work 'ed'T' To wine let us give, find and solar coverell Since all must turn to earth, boysesing free and but

And to we that general of them, all Hand about the bowl, this yound side off The delight of my foul, And to my hand commend it; A his feet by Jord Lar. A fig for chink, Twas made to buy drink, And before we go hence we'll foend it.



STOREST SERVICES

WHILST I fondly view the charmer,
Thus the god of love I fue;
Gentle Cupid, pray difarm her,
Cupid, if you love me, do:
Of a thousand smiles bereave her,
Rob her neck, her lips, her eyes;
The remainder still will leave her
Power enough to tyrannize.

Shape and feature, flame and paffion

Still in every breaft will move;

More is supercrogation,

Meer idolatry of love;

You may dress a world of Cloes

In the beauty she can spare:

Hear him, Cupid, who no foe is

To your altars or the fair.

Foolish mortal, pray be easy,

Angry Cupid made reply;

Do Florella's charms displease you,

Die then, foolish mortal, die:

Fancy not that I'll deprive her

Of the captivating store;

Shepherd, no, I'll rather give her

Twenty thousand beauties more.

Justly then you'd pray, that power
Shou'd be taken from the fair;
But tho' I fpread a blemish o'er her,
No relief in that you'll find,
Still, fond shepherd, you'd adore her
For the beauties of her mind.

CORINNA is divinely fair,

Eafy her shape, and soft her air;

Of hearts she had the absolute sway.

Before she threw her own away:

The power now languishes by which she charm'd,

Her beauty's fullied, and her eyes disarm'd.

Rob her neck, burling, her eyes;

Bu

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Lik

Like nature she is apt to waste

Her treasure where 'tis valued least;

So peasants furseit, where it grows,

On fruit the eastern sun bestows;

But all the delicacy fades before

It can thro' oceans reach our distant shere,



Die then, sook its troots

To his forsaken Mistress.

Do confess thou're smooth and fair, And I might have gone near to love thee, Had I not found, the flightest prayer, That lips cou'd fpeak, had power to move thee But I can let thee now alone, As worthy to be lov'd by none.

form wei laws I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find Thee fuch an unthrift of thy fweets, Thy favours are but like the wind, o ton and and That kiffeth every thing it meets; And fince thou canft with more than one Thou'rt worthy to be kist'd by none. I'm to a I

That he, who ence his bear age The morning rose that untouch'd stands Arm'd with her briars, most fweetly smells: But pluck'd, and strain'd through ruder hands, Her fweets no longer with her dwells: But fcent and beauty both are gone, visual on And leaves fall from her one by one of I and

To fee ther for Such fate e'er long will thee betide, When thou haft handled been a while, and of the I Like those flowers to be thrown asides in I ald W And I shall figh while some will smile, To fee thy love to every one, Hath brought thee to be lov'd by none. Vol. III.

PHIL-

CHEMBER CHEMB

PHILLIS'S Resolution.

W HEN flaves their liberty require,
They hope no more to gain;
But you not only that defire,
But ask the power to reign.

Think how unjust a suit you make,

Then you will soon decline;

Your freedom, when you please, pray take,

But trespass not on mine.

No more in vain, Alcander, crave,

I ne'er will grant the thing,

That he, who once has been my flave,

Shou'd ever be my king.

Dut Thick'd, and theight through rader front.

To fee thy love to evert one.

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is a language three to be loved by done.

THE LANGE TO STATE OF THE PARTY.

美尼國家孫忠智忠於第四**司**後

SEE the bright Clarinda walking, Resistless graces we admire; Hear the lovely charmer talking, Every word does love inspire.

All our youth, without repining,
Proud and happy in their pains,
To her their humble hearts refigning,
Glory in fuch welcome chains.

Pleas'd to find the wife complaining

How dear one view of her has cost,

Now they feel their passions reigning,

And all their boasted wisdom lost.

No mercenary force maintains

Her power, nor any guilty art:

Greater than kings Clarinda reigns,

Her empire's feated in the heart.



ladden tony turned a fund.

370

CHETSKE MISSETSKE

DULCIBELLA, whene'er I fue for a kifs,
Refusing the blifs, crys, no, no, no, no,
Leave me, Alexis, ah! what wou'd you do?
When I tell her I'll go, still she crys no, no, no;
No, no, my Alexis, ah! tell me notife.

Her gowir, nor any difficult

Tell me, fair one, tell me why.

Why so coming, why so shy:

Why so kind, and why so coy:

Tell me, fair one, tell me why

You'll neither let me fight nor shy.

You'll neither let me live nor die.

L OCINDA is bewitching fair,
All o'er ingaging is her air;
In every fong Lucinda's fam'd,
She is the queen of love proclaim'd;
To all the does a flame impart.
Expiring victims feel her dart:
Strephon for her has love exprest,
Philander fighs too with the rest;
Rack'd with despar, each one complains;
Unmov'd, untouch'd, the all diffains.

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SEMBLES TEXTENSION OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROP

PHILLIS, whose heart was unconfin'd,
And free as flowers on meads and plains;
None boasted of her being kind,
'Mongst all the languishing and amorous swains:
No sighs nor tears the nymph cou'd move.
To pity, or return their love.

Till on a time the hapless maid

Retir'd, to shun the heat o'th' day,

Into a grove, beneath whose shade

Strephon, the careless shepherd, sleeping lay:

But, oh, such charms the youth adorn,

Love is reveng'd for all her scorn.

Her cheeks with blushes cover'd were,

And tender fighs her bosom warm;

A softness in her eyes appear,

Unusual pains the feels from every charm:

To woods and echoes now the cries;

For modesty to speak denies.



STREET ENESTED

A n! Charmian, throud those killing eyes,

That dart th' extremes of pleasure;

Else Celadon, tho' favour'd, dies,

As well as him whom you despite;

Tho' in this different measure:

While he with lingring pains drags on his fate,

Dispatch is all th' advantage of my state;

For, oh! you kill with love, as well as hate.

To woods and echees now the eries,

For modelly to local device

Abate thy luxury of charms,

And only part discover:

Thy tongue, as well as eyes, hath charms

To do a thousand fatal harms,

To the poor lift'ning lover.

Thy glories shou'd like heaven's be
Conceal'd beneath the veil of mystery; and missing the force we die.

I SEE she flies me every where,
Her eyes her scorn discover;
But what's her scorn or my despair,
Since 'tis my fate to love her'
Were she but kind whom I adore,
I might live longer, but not love her more.

24

A mad

WICH BENEATER ST

A mad Dialogue.

Benot n the man that with gigantick might
Dares combat heaven again,
Storm fove's bright palace, put the gods to flight,
Chaos renew, and make perpetual night;
Come on, ye fighting fools, that petty jars
(maintain,
Pve all the wars of Europe in my brain.

When beauty does come in?
When beauty does come in?
Whose sweet face, divinely fair,
Eternal pleasures bring:
When I appear, the martial god
A conquer'd victim lies,
Obeys each glance, each awful nod,
And dreads the lightning of my killing eyes.
More than the siercest thunder in the skies.

He. Ha, ha, ha! now, now, we mount up high.

The fun's bright god and I

Charge on the azure dawns of amplesky;

See, fee how th' immortal fpirits run;

Purfue, purfue, drive 'em o'er the burning zone;

From thence come rowling, rowling down,

And fearch the globe below with all the gulphy main,

To find my loft, my wandring fenfe again.

She. By the disjointed matter

That crouds thy pericranium,

I nicely have found, that thy brain is not found,

And thou shalt be my companion.

He. Come let us plague the world then,

I embrace the bleft occasion;

For by instinct I find, thou art one of the kind

That first brought in damnation.

Chorus. Then mad, very mad, very mad, let us be,

For Europe does now with our frenzy agree,

And all things in nature are mad too as we.

She. My face has heaven inchanted,

With all the sky-born fellows:

Jove press'd to my breast, and my bosom he

Which made old Juno jealous.

He. I challeng'd grifly Plate,

But the god of fire did thun me;

Witty Hermes I drubb'd round the pole with my

For breaking jokes upon me.

Then mail, &c.

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The tune my rage encreases; and add all it.

I made him so blind, with a look that was kind,

That he broke his lyre to pieces.

More than the hereelt thunder in the skies.

He. I drank a health to Venus.

And the mould on her white shoulder;

Mers slinch'd at the glass, and I threw't in his face;

Was ever hero bolder?

I

of Typical nict at

Things tend to dissolution;

The charms of a crown, and the crafts of the gown
Have brought all to confusion.

He. The haughty French begun it, The English wits pursue it,

She. The German and Turk still go on with the work.

ON! fill you relien the leceiver me

with high cloud summer to

He. And all in time will rue it.

Come, my dear, whilst youth conspires

With the warmth of our desires;

Envious time about thee watches,
And some grace each minute snatches:

Now a spirit, now a ray,

From thy eye he steals away;

Now he blasts some blooming rose,
Which upon thy fresh cheek grows;

Gold now plunders in a hair;

Now the rubies doth impair

Of thy lips; and, with sure hast,
All thy wealth with take at last;

Only that of which thou mak'st

Use in time, from time thou tak'st.



MARCHIE MARCHESTER

Swain, thy hopeless passion smother,
Perjur'd Celia loves another;
In his arms I saw her lying,
Panting, kissing, trembling, dying;
There the sair deceiver swore,
As she did to you before.

Oh! faid you, when the deceives me,
When that conftant creature leaves me,
Isis' waters back shall fly,
And leave their oozy channels dry;
Turn, ye waters, leave your shore;
Perjur'd Celia loves no more.

Lost is my quiet for ever,

Lost is life's happiest part;

Lost all my tender endeavour

To touch an insensible heart, if the saider and wold

But the my despair is past curing, we do not yet see and the And much undeserved is my fate; we have the the I'll shew, by a patient enduring,

My love is unmov'd as her hate.



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SEPTEMBER STEED OF STEED STEED

Til fave my ent as well as the

a Miley, at barre's

I'll foon with Four's mile out from

The Female Phaëton.

THUS Kitty, beautiful and	Make all her lover quiov
And wild as colt untam	They'll grievel was not in
Bespoke the fair from whom	
With little rage inflam'd.	Att man Deal of

Inflam'd with rage at fad reftraint,
Which wife mamma ordain'd: 30 Main and L'aisteO
And forely vex'd to play the faint, brow out to bak
Whilst wit and beauty reign'd:

Shall I	humb holy books, confin'd	
	Abigails forfaken?	
Kitty's f	t other things defign'd, want now	0 4
ALCOHOLOGICAL PROPERTY OF THE	m much miftaken. A new a natur sor all	

Whom when were and it are all some about the
Must lady Jenny frisk about, glatter is and gration has
And visit with her cousins? has her done worth aw
At balls must the make all the sout,
And have the the though anisms view evol
And bring home hearts by dozens?

What has she better, pray, than I? What hidden charms to boaft; That all mankind for her thou'd die, Whilst I am scarce a toust?

Dearest mamma, for once let me, Unchain'd, my fortune try; I'll have my earl as well as she, Or know the reason why,

I'll foon with Jenny's pride quit score,
Make all her lovers fall;
They'll grieve I was not loos'd before,
She, I was loos'd at all.

Fondness prevail'd; mamma gave way;

Kitty, at heart's desire,

Obtain'd the chariot for a day,

And set the world on sire.

Wou'd you know how we meet o'er our jolly full.

As we mingle our liquors, we mingle our fouls;

The fweet melts the sharp, the kind soothsthe strong,

And nothing but friendship grows all the nightlong:

We drink, laugh, and celebrate every defire;

Love only remains our unquenchable fire.



While wir and beauty respect to

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SEMENTED HERE ENERGE

Young Love.

Come, little infant, love me now,
While thine unsuspected years
Clear thine aged father's brow
From cold jealousy and fears.

Pretty furely 'twere to fee

By young love old time beguil'd;

While our fportings are as free

As the nurse's with the child.

Common beauties stay sisteen;
Such as yours shou'd swifter move;
Whose fair blossoms are too green
Yet for lust, but not for love.

Love as much the snowy lamb,
Or the wanton kid, does prize,
As the lusty bull or ram,
For his morning sacrifice.

Now then love me: time may take
Thee, before thy time, away:
Of this need we'll virtue make,
And learn love before we may.

g

So we win of doubtful fate;
And if good the to us meant,
We that good thall antidate,
Or, if ill, that ill prevent.

Thus as kingdoms, frustrating
Other titles to their crown,
In the cradle crown their king,
So all foreign claims to drown:

So, to make all rivals vain,

Now I crown thee with my love:

Crown me with thy love again,

And we both shall monarchs prove.

T A L K, Strephon, no more of what's honest and just,

For friendship is interest, and love is but lust;

To the purse, and no farther, the one does extend,

And after enjoyment your love's at an end.

Then no longer maintain what your actions deny,

Your oft-broken vows your affertions belye:

When I once see your words with your actions agreed I'll believe you the man that you now seem to be.

That you once have deceived me I do not complain,

But 'tis my own fault if you cheat me again;

For none will the sate of that pilot deplore,

Who wrecks on that shelf where he stranded before.

Ad-

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Ah,

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trains a son gut

Advice to CELIA.

s it not madness thus to be L Coy, and your minutes waste; To let the world be envying me Pleafures I ne'er did tafte?

Since this foul fcandal we have got, Confent, and yield, for shame; For all your virtue now will not Patch up your broken fame. Bott I made no B

Why shou'd our bliss then be delay'd? The world can fay no more Than what it has already faid; And that is, thou'rt a whore.

REEDOM, thou greatest blessing. Why have I loft thy joys; it someons all Pining, no reft pollefling, if the garding batA Grief all my hours employs. Thy lofs now to my eyes, A flood of tears will coft; Ah, why do we not prize Our treasure till 'tis lost!

ld-

MEAR

Both That let us hereste how like we conline

in the salt care and the dail on LA in

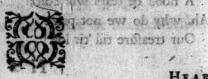
Sung



Sung by two Women.

- I. T LOVE, and am belov'd again, 1 Strephon no more shall figh in vain; I've try'd his faith, and found him true, And all my coyness bid adieu.
- 2. I love, and am belov'd again, Yet still my Thirs shall complain; I'm fure he's mine, while I refuse him; But when I yield, I fear to lose him.
- . Men will grow faint with tedious fasting.
- 2. And both will tire with often tafting, When they find the blis not lafting.
- 1. Love is compleat in kind possessing.
- 2. Ah no! ah no! that ends the bleffing.

Both. Then let us beware how far we consent. Too foon when we yield, too late we repent; Tis ignorance makes men admire: A VII W And granting defire paid flog flor on minis We feed not the fire, to much you lie bair? But make it more quickly expire. and will with book of reactive



HEAR

Our tressore till tis

If

T

Bu

KASTAGE STACKE

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and every fwain,
I'll tell how Peggy grieves me;
Tho' thus I languish, thus complain,
Alas! she ne'er believes me.
My vows and sighs, like silent air,
Unheeded, never move her;
At the bony-bush aboon Traquair,
Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smil'd and made me glad,

No maid seem'd ever kinder,

I thought myself the luckiest lad,

So sweetly there to find her.

I try'd to sooth my am'rous stame,

In words that I thought tender;

If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,

I meant not to offend her.

Yet now the scornful flies the plain,

The fields we then frequented;

If e'er we meet, the shews disdain,

She looks as ne'er acquainted.

The bonny-bush bloom'd fair in May,

Its sweets I'll aye remember;

But now her frowns make it decay,

It fades, as in December.

Dung.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains, Why thus shou'd Peggy grieve me? Oh! make her partner in my pains; Then let her smiles relieve me. If not, my love will turn despair, and the souls of T My passion no more tender; with the lat A I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair, and home amove visit To lonely wilds I'll wander.

Serenade.

That day be imily No man teem

shad-ymand bil T

Les livéets. I

o, ye foft notes, and gently wake the fair, G That now diffolv'd in eafy flumbers lies; While wakeful thoughts, and love's perplexing care, Permit no rest to dwell on Cleon's eyes.

Now, while the day's forgot, and calm her breaft, Try all your charms the cruel maid to move; Now that her pride, and her disdain's at rest, Possess her ears, and win her heart to love.



Song

At

T W

SCHOOLSERFICHERIESE

Song in the Frost-Scene of King ARTHUR.

Every where thou are obey'd.

What ho! thou genius of the clime, what ho!
Ly'ft thou asleep beneath those hills of snow!
Stretch out thy lazy limbs, awake, awake,
And winter from thy furry mantle shake.

GENIUS.

What power art thou, who from below
Haft made me rife, unwillingly and flow,
From beds of everlasting snow!
See'ft thou not how stiff and wondrous old,
Far unfit to bear the bitter cold?
I can scarcely move, or draw my breath;
Let me, let me freeze again to death.

CUPID.

Thou doating fool, forbear, forbear;
What, dost thou dream of freezing here?
At love's appearing, all the sky clearing,
The stormy winds their fury spare:
Winter subduing, and spring renewing,

My beams create a more glorious year, Thou doating fool, forbear, forbear, What, dost thou dream of freezing here! Gent love, I know thee now;
Eldest of the gods art thou:
Heaven and earth by thee were made,

Humane nature

Is thy creature, UHTAA

Every where thou art obey'd.

On yonder bed, supinely laid, which was a solution of Behold thy lov'd expecting maid which has been been bushes, half in tears, Much, much she wishes, more she fears.

Take, take her to thy faithful arms, the best was a solution field by the best was the all her charms.

Ly'll thou afters beneath those hills of shows

Heaven to thee bequeaths the fair, the work of the wall. To raise thy joy, and sull thy tare to use of the wall. Heaven made grief, if mutual, cease; the closest and I But joy, divided, to encrease; the sull are sold and the To mourn with her exceeds delight;

Darkness with her, the joys of light.



I HAVE

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An

And Gra

CHECKE COMESSED

I HAVE been in love, and in debt, and in drink,
This many and many a year;
And those are three plagues enough, any shou'd think,
For one poor mortal to bear.

'Twas love made me fall into drink,'
And drink made me run into debt;
And tho' I have struggled, and struggled, and strove,
I cannot get out of 'em yet.

There's nothing but money can cure me,
And rid me of all my pain;
"Twill pay all my debts,
And remove all my letts;
And my mistres, that cannot endure me,
Will love me and love me again,
Then, then I'll fall to my loving and drinking amain,

Let daily fears their quiet fright,

And dreams diffurb their rest at night;

Give me content, and I have all.

Dissuasion from Presumption. rate for team day

ADIES, you that seem so nice, And as cold in shew as ice, And, perhaps, have held out thrice, Do not think but in a trice n shan Ya'u bak One or other may intice, grand band Pont hos. And at last, by some device, me my terms I Set your honours at a price.

You whose smooth and dainty skin, Rosie lips, or cheeks, or chin, All that gaze upon you win; the you le you liw'r Yet infult not, sparks within the synthes bath Slowly burn 'ere flames begin; And prefumption still hath been Held a most notorious sin.

HEN never let me see her more! In vain I figh, in vain adore. In some lonely desart-place, in structure handhos shirt and Far from fight of human race; In some unfrequented cell, the main druffly amond has Where neither joy nor forrow dwell, Oh! let me endeavour to forget las distinct am evid At once my felf, and Amoret.

Dif

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On CELIA'S Coyness.

Then let not year dedpin unland

I f the quick spirit of your eye,

Now languish, and anon must die;

If every sweet and every grace

Must sly from that forsaken face;

Then, Celia, let us reap our joys,

Ere time such goodly fruit destroys.

Or if that golden fleece must grow.

For ever free from aged snow;
If those bright suns must know no shade,
Nor your fresh beauty ever fade;
Then, Celia fear not to bestow
What still being gather'd, still must grow.
Thus either time his sickle brings
In vain, or else in vain his wings.

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Y Es, Daphne, in your face I find
Those charms by which my heart's betray'd;
Then let not your disdain unbind
The prisoner that your eyes have made:
She that in love makes least defence,
Wounds ever with the surest dart;
Beauty may captivate the sense,

But kindness only gains the heart.

Tis kindness, Daphne, must maintain

The empire that you once have won;

When beauty does like tyrants reign,

Its subjects from their duty run:

Then force me not to be untrue,

Lest I, compell'd by gen'rous shame,

Cast off my loyalty to you,

To gain a glorious rebel's name.



In

To

They Called

ENGIGE SEPTEMBER

W HAT shall I do, to shew how much I love her?
How many millions of sighs can suffice?
That which wins other hearts never can move her;
Those common methods of love she'll despise.

I will love more than man e'er lov'd before me, Gaze on her all the day, melt all the night; Till, for her own fake, at last she'll implore me To love her less, to preserve our delight.

Since gods themselves cannot ever be loving,

Men must have breathing recruits for new joys;

I wish my love cou'd be always improving;

Tho' eager love more than forrow destroys.

In fair Aurelia's arms leave me expiring,

To be embalm'd by the fweets of her breath;

To the last moment I'll still be desiring:

Never had hero so glorious a death.



about those was the form of the beautifula.

White years bot

Keleyesand dendisk

The willing Prisoner.

Let fools great Cupid's yoke disdain,
Loving their own wild freedom better;
Whilst, proud of my triumphant chain,
I sit and court my beauteous setter.

Her murd'ring glances, snaring hairs,
And her bewitching smiles so please me,
As he brings ruin, that repairs
The sweet afflictions that disease me.

Hide not those panting balls of snow,
With envious veils, from my beholding;
Unlock those lips, their pearly row
In a sweet smile of love unfolding,

And let those eyes, whose motion wheels

The restless fate of every lover,

Survey the pains my sick heart feels,

And wounds themselves have made, discover.



CHONG BUSINESS

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Wate briefler car

When, lovely Phillis, thou art kind,
Nought but raptures fill my mind;
'Tis then I think thee so divine,
To excel the mighty power of wine:
But when thou insult'st, and laughs at my pain,
I wash thee away with sparkling Champaign:
So bravely contemn both the boy and his mother,
And drive out one god by the power of another.

When pity in thy looks I fee,
I freely quit my friends for thee,
Perfuafive love so charms me then,
My freedom I'd not wish again:
But when thou art cruel and heed'st not my care,
Straight with a bumper I banish despair:
So bravely, &cc.



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On the brow of Richmond hill,
Which Europe scarce can parallel,
Every eye such wonders fill,

To view the profpect round;
Where the filver Thames does glide,
And stately courts are edify'd,
Meadows deck'd in summer's pride,
With verdant beauties crown'd.

Lovely Cynthia passing by
With brighter glories blest my eye;
Ah! then in vain, in vain, said I,
The fields and flowers do shine;
Nature in this charming place,
Created pleasure in excess;
But all are poor to Cynthia's face,
Whose features are divine.



So branch Ex.

CHEROTOROLORORO

adstable bits over and placehe

Afr father has riches flore

A Dialogue.

He. Sweet Nelly, my heart's delight,

Be loving, and do not flight

The offer I make,

For modesty's sake,

I honour your beauty bright;

I honour your beauty bright;

For, love, I protest
I can do no less,

Thou hast my favour won;

And fince I fee

Your modesty,

Therefore agree,

And fancy me,

Though I'm but a farmer's fon.

She. No, I am a lady gay, we I would not !!

Tis very well known I may a squal I to A
Have men of renown, by the I
In city or town to a squal I

Nay, Roger, without delay, a compart Court Bridget or Sue, Markette, Nancy, or Prue, and the summer

Their loves may foon be won;

But don't you dare

To fpeak me fair,

As if I were

At my last prayer;

To marry a farmer's fon.

I 3

He. My father has riches store,

Two hundred a year and more,

Besides sheep and cows,

Carts, harrows and ploughs;

His age is above threescore:

And when he does die,

Then merrily I

Shall have what he has won;

Both land and kine

Both land and kine
All shall be thine,
If thou'lt incline,
And wilt be mine,
And marry the farmer's fon.

She. A fig for your cattle and corn,
Your proffered love I fcorn;
"Tis known very well,
My name it is Nell;
And you're but a bumkin born.

He. Well, if it be fo,
Then away I will go;

And I hope no harm is done.

Farewel, adieu; The indicate of t

Dear lady, believe me now,

I folemnly fwear and vow,

No lords in their lives,

Take pleafure in wives,

Like fellows that drive the plough:

For their labour and pain,
Whatever they gain,
They don't to harlots run,

As courtiers do.
I never knew
A city beau
That cou'd out-do
A country farmer's fon.

She. Be not in fuch haste, quoth she;

Perhaps we may still agree;

For, man, I protest,

I was but in jest;

For thou art the man

That verily can be part of the man of the ma

Perform what must be done;

Both strait and tall,

Genteel withal,

Therefore I shall

Be at your call,

And I'll marry the farmer's son.



For their labour and pain,

REFERENCES AND GRADE

As foon as the chaos was made into form,

And the first race of men knew a good from a

They quickly did join in acknowledge divine, (harm;

That the world's chiefest blessings were women and

Since when by example improving delights, (wine
Time governs our days, love and beauty our nights:

For, outed

Love on then, and drink, 'Tis a folly to think

Of a mystery out of our reaches:

Be moral in thought in the world no! To be merry's no fault, an wirey and?

Tho' an elder the contrary preaches; more vice, For never, my friends, was an age of more vice, Than when knaves wou'd feem pious, and fools wou'd

Be at young off a little

In marry the the that of an

Let us dance, let us fing,
Whilst our life's in the spring,
And give all to the great god of love;
Let us revel and play,
And rejoice whilst we may,
Since old time these delights will remove.

Like Allisendant difeliller



H

AKTICKE THE TEXA

Cupid turn'd Tinker.

F AIR Venus, they fay,
On a rainy bleak day,
Thus fent her child Cupid a packing:
Get thee gone from my door,
Like a fon of a whore,
And elsewhere stand bouncing and cracking.

To tell the plain truth,
Our little blind youth
Beat the hoof a long while up and down, fir,
Till, all dangers paft,
By good fortune, at laft.
He stumbled into a great town, fir.

Then straight to himself
Crys this tiny sly elf,
Since begging brings little relief, fir,
A trade I'll commence
That shall bring in the pence;
And straight he set up for a thief, sir,

At play-house and kirk,

Where he slily did lurk,

He stole hearts both from young and old people,

Till at last, says my song,

He had like to have swung

On a gallows as high as a steeple.

Then

Then with arrows and bow
He a foldier must go;
And straight he shot folks without warning;
He thought it no sin,
When his hand once was in,
To kill you a hundred his morning.

When he found that he made
Little gains by this trade,
What does our fly graceless blinker,
But straight chang'd his note,
As well as his coat,
And needs must pass for a tinker.

Have you any hearts to mend,
Come I'll be your friend,
Or else I expect not a farthing:
Tho' they're burnt to a coal,
I'll soon make 'em whole;
And, maids, is not this a fair bargain?

But, maids, have a care,
Of this tinker beware,
Shun the rogue, tho' he fets fuch a face on't;
Where he stops up one hole,
"Tis true, by my soul,
He'll at least leave a score in the place on't.

Le floie hearts forh figure voting and old people,
Till at last, fave my self self.
He had like to have selfog
Ou a galows at high as a fleeple,

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THE PROPERTY OF THE PARTY OF TH

The diffident ORINDA to the inconstant PHILANDER.

BEAUTY alone has power to please
And charm Philander's eyes;
But that, like smoak, soon vanishes;
His love as quickly dies.

How foon is youth and beauty past,
Nor knows a second spring:
The airy phantom slies too fast,
Substantial joys to bring.

How happy were my flate!

But, wanting charms his heart to move,

How wretched is my fate!

Yet, wou'd he but regard a heart
Replete with love and truth,
It might fubstantial joys impart,
More permanent than youth.

Let friendship yield me some relies,
If you your love deny;
O give me that to ease my grief,
Or quickly let me die.

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CHCHCOTEOTHER

When I wisht proud Celia, just come from my glass, She tells me I'm fluster'd, and look like an ass; When I mean of my passion to put her in mind, She bids me leave drinking, or she'll never be kind. That she's charmingly handsome, I very well know; And so is my bottle, each brimmer so too; And to leave my soul's joy; oh! 'tis nonsense to ask, Let her go to the devil, to the devil, bring t'other full (flask.

Had she tax'd me with gaming, and bad me forbear, 'Tis a thousand to one I had lent her an ear.

Had she found out my Cloris up three pair of stairs, I had balk'd her, and gone to St. James's to prayers. Had she bade me read homilies three times a day, She perhaps had been humour'd, with little to say. But at night to deny me my stask of dear red;

Let her go to the devil, to the devil, there's no more (to be faid.



Lough problems and all a

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BOOK ENDONE

DENCE REPRESENTATE

TOLLY mortals, fill your glaffes, Noble deeds are done by wine; Scorn the nymph, and all her graces; Who'd for love, or beauty, pine?

Look within the bowl that's flowing, And a thousand charms you'll find, More than Phyllis, tho' just going In the moment to be kind.

Alexander hated thinking, Rich Rolandary Long. Drank about at council-board, He fubdu'd the world by drinking, More than by his conquering fword,

V E powers, my welcome death forgive, To meet my love my foul is flying; Since for him I cou'd not live, With joy for him I'm dying.



MANGENE MENERAL SONE CONTROLLER

My love was fickle once and changing,

Nor e'er would fettle in my heart;

From beauty still to beauty ranging,

In every face I found a dart.

'Twas first a charming shape enslav'd me,
An eye then gave the fatal stroke:

Till by her wit Corinna sav'd me,
And all my former fetters broke.

But now a long and lafting anguish

For Belvidera I endure;

Hourly I figh and hourly languish,

Nor hope to find the wonted cure.

For here the false unconstant lover,
After a thousand beauties shewn,
Does new surprizing charms discover,
And finds variety in one.



海@國際於學學的第四國漢

She loves, and the confesses too;
There's then at last no more to do.
The happy work's entirely done,
Enter the town which thou hast won;
The fruits of conquest now begin;
Io Triumphe! enter in.

What's this, ye gods, what can it be?
Remains there still an enemy?
Bold honour stands up in the gate,
And wou'd yet capitulate:
Have I o'ercome all real foes,
And shall this phantom me oppose?

Noisy nothing! stalking shade!

By what witchcraft wert thou made?

Empty cause of solid harms!

But I shall find out counter-charms,

Thy airy devilship to remove

From this circle here of love.

Sure I shall rid my self of thee
By the night's obscurity,
And obscurer secrecy.
Unlike to every other spright,
Thou attempt'st not men t'affright,
Nor appear'st but in the light.

CHIEFE PROPERTURE

Let us retire to yonder grove,
Secure from spies, and free from sear,
And there indulge ourselves in love;
Despising pomp, and needless state,
And all the sollies of the great.

While there on beds of turf we lie,
By nature made for love and ease;
While birds with songs encrease our joy,
Canopy'd round with verdant trees;
Ambition be the statesman's task!
Your heart's the only throne I ask.

Their proud regalia's, glittering toys,
Wou'd my desires never move;
But, if kind heaven wou'd crown my joys,
Freedom's the boon, and her I love:
Her bliss 1'd make my only care,
And wisely bound my wishes there.



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WHO THE WAR TO THE WAY

GIVE me more love, or more disdain,
The torrid or the frozen zone
Bring equal ease unto my pain,
The temperate affords me none;
Either extreme of love, or hate,
Is sweeter than a calm estate,

Give me a storm: if it be love,

Like Danaë in a golden shower

I swim in pleasure; if it prove

Distain, that torrent will devour

My vulture hopes; and he's possest

Of heaven, that's but from hell releas'd.

Then crown my joys, or cure my pain; Give me more love, or more difdain.



SCHOOL SERVICE STATES

My time, o'ye muses, was happily spent,
When Phebe went with me where-ever I went;
Ten thousand sweet pleasures I selt in my breast:
Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest!
But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change on a sudden I sind?
When things were as sine as cou'd possibly be,
I thought 'twas the spring; but, alas! it was she.

With such a companion, to tend a few sheep,
To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep;
I was so good-humour'd, so chearful and gay,
My heart was as light as a feather all day:
But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,
So strangely uneasy as never was known;
My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd,
And my heart— I am sure it weighs more than a
(pound,

The fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among,
Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phebe was there,
'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas musick to hear;
But now she is absent, I walk by its side,
And still as it murmurs do nothing but chide;
Must you be so chearful, while I go in pain?
Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

When

M

T

When my lambkins around me wou'd oftentime play, And when Phebe and I were as joyful as they, How pleasant their sporting, how happy the time, When spring, love and beauty were all in their prime? But now in their frolicks when by me they pass, I sling at their sleeces an handful of grass; Be still then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad, To see you so merry, while I am so sad.

My dog I was ever well pleased to see

Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me;

And Phebe was pleas'd too, and to my dog said,

Come hither, poor fellow; and patted his head.

But now, when he's fawning, I with a sour look

Cry, sirrah; and give him a blow with my crook,

And I'll give him another; for why shou'd not Tray

Be as dull as his master, when Phebe's away?

When walking with Phebe, what fights have I feen? How fair was the flower, how fresh was the green? What a lovely appearance the trees and the shade, 'The corn-fields and hedges, and every thing made? But now she has left me, tho' all are still there, They none of 'em now so delightful appear: 'Twas nought but the magick, I find, of her eyes Made so many beautiful prospects arise.

Sweet musick went with us both all the wood thro, The lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale too; Winds over us whisper'd, slocks by us did bleat, And chirp went the grashopper under our feet.

But

But now she is absent, tho' still they sing on, The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone: Her voice in the consort, as now I have found, Gave everything else its agreeable sound.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue?
And where is the violet's beautiful blue?
Does ought of its sweetness the blossom beguile?
That meadow, those daisies, why do they not smile?
Ah! rivals, I see what it was that you drest,
And made yourselves fine for; a place in her breast:
You put on your colours to pleasure her eye,
To be pluck'd by her hand, on her bosom to die.

How flowly time creeps till my Phebe return?
While amidst the soft Zephyr's cool breezes I burn;
Methinks if I knew where about he wou'd tread,
I cou'd breathe on his wings, and 'twou'd melt down
(the lead.

Fly fwifter, ye minutes, bring hither my dear, And rest so much longer for't when she is here. Ah Colin! old time is full of delay, Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou canst say.

Will no pitying power that hears me complain,
Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain?
To be cur'd, thou must, Colin, thy passion remove;
But what swain is so silly to live without love?
No, deity, bid the dear nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with despair;
Take heed, all ye swains, how you love one so fair.

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CONCIENTS AND INCIDENCIAL SECTIONS

How smoothly the minutes, dear Celadon, flow, When, calm and serene, no passion we know! The morning, the evening its pleasure does bring, If we read, or we talk; if we pipe, or we sing! But, when the boy Cupid once twangeth his bow, And pierceth our hearts with his arrows of woe; We lose all delight, and we forfeit all ease:

Nor reading, nor talking, nor musick can please.

My leifure in fanciful musings I spent,
And look'd without pain on the lasses of Kent:
No virgin with feature, with voice, or with air,
No virgin was able my heart to ensnare.
Ah, why did I, foolish, abandon those plains,
To join in the revels of L—n swains!
Where heedless young Cloe, unpractised in arts,
Entices to love the most indolent hearts.

My books were my charmers, my thoughts my delight,
In the cool of the morn, in the stillness of night:
My books and my thoughts each other reliev'd;
And the minutes, soft-gliding, were sweetly deceiv'd.
No passion disturb'd me; my joys were my own:
But now I am so alter'd, as never was known!
My heart from its owner is quite gone astray;
And Cloe torments it, by night and by day.

My friend still was welcome, whenever he came; My friend faw my countenance always the fame; O'er a pot of Bohen, we grew merry and wife; And laugh'd at the torments, fond lovers devise. But, wounded by Cloe, I live in the spleen: My friend, with furprize, fees a change in my mien; I bid him be gone; for his wit and his jest, But make him the more insupportable guest.

How once every object a pleasure did yield! If I walk'd in the garden, or travers'd the field: On beautiful landskips, I feasted my fight; When the nightingale fung, I cou'd listen all night; But now, as I rove through the valley or glade, The beautiful landskips before my eye fade: In the nightingale's note, no musick I find; For, nothing but Gloe still runs in my mind.

If my spirits, in solitude, wanted relief, With my flute, by a brook, I could folace my grief Or fleep to the hullaby noise of the stream; And wake to new life from a rapturous dream, But now, all endeavours in vain I apply, Since for Clae I languish, for Clae I die, To no purpose I try on my flute every strain; (vain. And the brook, o'er the pebbles, now murmurs in

Beware, filly shepherds, how love you defy; Beware of the desperate glance of her eye. In freedom I triumph'd, and flouted the fwains, Who fold themselves captive, and forg'd their own (chains.

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But fince I beheld her, alas, I'm undone! Since first I saw Cloe, my freedom is gone. I have forg'd my own chains; and I constantly cry, Was ever poor shepherd so wretched, as I?

How, Celadon, shall I my passion reveal? Or, must I for ever my torment conceal? The woe she creates, has she pity to hear? Ah, no! she is cruel, as charming, I fear-Affift me, by reason to ransom my heart; Or teach me to gain her; oh, teach me the art! Ye merciful powers, to you I complain; Give love to the nymph; or give ease to the swain.

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Said both but studies a could

The District for find, that they be

BEAUTY now alone shall move him, Mars shall know no joy but love; Let the wifer gods reprove him, Melting kisses, Mutual bliffes. Utaria di na grafica di lika di kundige. Beauty charming, covered that the place of Love alarming, Since graduated from today would Raife the foul to joys above.

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CHOMOMOMOMONDA

The Battle-Royal. Written in 1693.

To the Tune of a Soldier and a Sailor.

A DEAN and Prebendary
Had late a new vagary,
And were at doubtful strife, sir,
Who led the better life, sir,
And was the better man,
And was the better man.

The Dean he faid, that truly,
Since Preb was fo unruly,
He'd prove it to his face, fir,
That he had the most grace, fir,
And so the fight began, &c.

When Preb reply'd like thunder,
And roar'd out, 'twas no wonder,
Since gods the Dean had three, fir,
And more by two than he, fir,
For he had got but one, &c.

Now whilst these two were raging,
And in disputes engaging,
The master of the Charter,
Said both had caught a tartar,
For gods, sir, there were none, &c.

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Syndia lide

That all the books of Moles. Were nothing but supposes; That he deferv'd rebuke, fir, Who wrote the Pentateuch, fir, 'Iwas nothing but a sham, &c.

That as for father Adam, And Mrs. Eve his madam, And what the ferpent spoke, fir, Twas nothing but a joke, fir. And well-invented flam, &c.

surpus vinolesi ili Thus in this battle-royal, As none wou'd take denial, The dame for which they strove, fir, Cou'd neither of them love, fir, Micros ven de mai Since all had giv'n offence, &c.

She therefore flily waiting, Left all three fools a prating, And being in a fright, fir, Religion took her flight, fir, And ne'er was beard of fince. And ne'er was heard of fince. halliains om tel bak



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RETURNING THE RESIDENCE OF THE PROPERTY OF THE

O Love, what cruel pangs are these!

The cold effect of warm desire,

Whose agonizing tortures freeze,

Tho' sprung from your prevailing fire.

Her absence gave exceeding pain;

But when from that I hop'd relief,

You, still resolv'd I shou'd complain,

With jealousy augment my grief.

Too bitter is the lover's part,

When sever'd from his fair one's eyes;

But if he's banish'd from her heart,

Stabb'd with despair, at once he dies.

O H! lovely charmer, no more oppress me, Beauty amazing, fly to my arms;
Dear, sweetest angel, quickly come bless me,
And let me revel in thy sweet charms.



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EXEMPLE TO THE SEED HERE

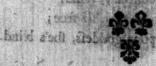
Tête a Tête.

As Clintor with Amelia fat,
He (simple swain) in idle chat,
And useless talk, the time mispent;
Which, to their mutual great content,
(Had modesty but less the boy)
Had been employed in mutual joy.

Her lips, her eyes, her breafts he prais'd,
Whilst every charm new transports rais'd;
Transports—of tongue; for that alone
Made all his joys and transports known.
Dull joys! dull transports! duller boy!
That cou'd such time so ill employ!

So form'd to charm, lovely all over,
You wound a lover in every part;
But we recover, when we discover
There is a rover within your heart.

Com



Man How had T

THE ENGLANCE OF THE PROPERTY O

O A fighing young jobber was feen,
Staring wishfully at an old tree,
Which grew on the neighbouring green;

"There's a tree that can finish the strife,
"And disorder, that wars in my breast:

"What need one be pain'd with his life;

"When a halter can purchase his rest?

Sometimes he wou'd flamp and look wild,

Then roar out a terrible curse
On bubbles that had him beguil'd,

And left ne'er a doit in his purse.

A fatyr that wander'd along.

With a laugh to his raving reply'd;

The favage maliciously sung,

And jok'd while the stock-jobber cry'd.

To mountains and rocks he complain'd,
His cravat was bath'd with his tears;
The fatyr drew near like a friend,

And bid him abandon his fears. Said he, " Have you been at the fea,

" And met with a contrary wind,

"That you rail at fair fortune fo free;

"Don't blame the poor goddess, she's blind.

- " Come hold up thy head, foolish wight,
 - "I'll teach thee the loss to retrieve;
- " Observe me this project aright,
 - " And think not of hanging, but live.
- " Hecatissa, conceited and old,
 - " Affects in her airs to feem young,
- " Her jointure yields plenty of gold,
 - " And plenty of nonsense her tougue:
- reasy Darker, despired the his plaimed of paris, " Lay fiege to her for a short space,
 - " Ne'er mind that she's wrinkled or grey;
- " Extol her for beauty and grace, only constill both
 - " And doubt not of gaining the day.
- " In wedlock ye fairly may join, will a si lool moy
 - " And when of her wealth you are fure, had
- " Make free of the old woman's coin, my the mar-
 - " And purchase a sprightly young whore.

URN, oh turn thee, dearest creature, Turn, and heal my wounded heart; When you're near me, nothing's fweeter; When you're absent, then I smart,



E wary, my Celia, when Celadon fues, D These wits are the bane of your charms: Beauty, play'd against reason, will certainly lose; Warring, naked, with robbers, in arms.

Young Damon, despis'd for his plainness of parts, Has worth, that a woman shou'd prize: He'll run the race out, though he heavily starts, And distance the short-winded wife.

Your fool is a faint in the temple of love, and " And kneels all his life there to pray: Your wit but looks in, and makes hafte to remove: Tis a stage he but takes in his way.

HE chains of love I wear, L. Tim, and beating I burn and I despair, Yet bless my charmer. Too great wou'd be my joy, The pleasure wou'd destroy, Cou'd my flame warm her.

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DLAGUE us not with idle flories, Whining loves, and fenfeless glories; What are lovers, what are kings, above out us a What at best but slavish things? has a rever an T

There's none of our carelay ments Free I liv'd as nature made me, men good on w Love nor beauty durst invade me, No rebellious slaves betray'd me, Free I liv'd as nature made me.

Each by turns, as fense inspir'd me, Bacchus, Ceres, Venus, fir'd me; For pteht, or for I alone have lost true pleasure! Freedom is the only treafure.

THARMER, hear your faithful lover, Nor disdain to admit his slame; Cease to slight, your scorn give over; Constant ever I'll remain. d madoub they god

Charms furround those lovely features, Tender pity grant your flave: No prester realist Turn, and be so kind a creature; Hafte, and heal the wounds you gave. 198

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STATE CONTRACTOR OF THE PARTY O

The Fisherman.

Or all the world's enjoyments

That ever valued were, distributed fishing can compare:

Some preach, fome write,

Some fwear, fome fight,

All golden lucre courting;

But fishing still

Bears off the bell,

For profit, or for sporting.

Then who a jolly fisherman, a fisherman wou'd be,

His throat must wet,

Just like his net,

To keep out cold at sea.

The country squire loves running

A pack of well-mouth'd hounds;

Another fancies gunning

For wild ducks in his grounds:

This hunts, that fowls,

This hawks, Dick bowls,

No greater pleasure wishing;

But Tom that fells

What sport excels,

Gives all the praise to fishing.

Then who &c.

A good

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Fill-profile och,

A good Westphalia gammon, Is counted dainty fare; And think it easy lalour. But what is't to a falmon, And if you'd know Just taken from the ware: Wheat-ears and quails, Cocks, fnipes, and rayls, Are priz'd while feafon's lasting; But all must stoop To cray-fish foop,

Or I've no skill in tafting. we then experienced the spire and a

Keen hunters always take too Their prey with too much pains, work do not Nay, often break a neck too, have the second on a un I A penance for no brates of auto granting for land They run, they leap, Now high, now deep the look book and the look Whilst he that fishing chooles, the sale of mail T

With ease may do't,
Nay more to boot,
May entertain the muses. To be pail, yet will finition!

Then who &c.

And tho' fome envious wranglers To jeer us will make hold And laugh at patient and Who fland fo lone

bridge for an accompany

The deal deviation of the same and

seed if the library and the seed

They wait on miss, incurrence with the latest of We wait on this, a september to be point a And think it eafy labour. in what is to a filmon, And if you'd know, how out ever a said fire Fish-profits too, Consult our Holland neighbour. Then who &c. special cooling of don later con

Or I've to skill in telefil YNTHIA frowns whene'er I woe her, Yet she's vex'd if I give over, Much the fears I thou'd undoe her, But much more to lofe her lover: Thus in doubting the refuses, And not winning, thus the lofes, at the not present A.

Prythee, Cynthin, look behind you an agin woll Age and wrinkles will o'ertake you and and all IV Then too late defire will find you, When the power does forfake you: Think, oh! think; oh, fad condition, the martin val To be past, yet wish fruition! There was Sic.



TONNY

KING AND THE PROPERTY OF THE PARTY OF THE PA

JONNY and NELLY.

- To fields where cannons rair, thou need na grieve (thee; For deep in my spirit thy sweets are indented, And love shall preserve aye what love has imprinted.

 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee, Gang the world as it will, dearest, believe me.
- N. O Jonny I'm jealous, whene'er ye discover.

 My sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a loose rover;

 And nought i'the warld wad vex my heart fairer,

 If you prove unconstant, and fancy ane fairer:

 Grieve me, grieve me, oh it wad grieve me,

 A' the lang night and day, if you deceive me.
- J. My Nelly, let never fic fancies oppress ye, line.

 For while my blood's warm I'll kindly cares ye,

 Your blooming fast beauties first leeted love's fire,

 Your virtue and wit make it aye slame the hyer:

 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,

 Gang the world as it will, dearest, believe me.
- N. Then Jonny, I frankly this minute allow ye (ye;
 To think me your mistress, for love gars me trew
 And gin ye prove fa'se, to ye'er sel it be said then,
 Ye'll win but sma' honour to wrang a kind maiden:

Reave

SVEST.

Reave me, reave me, heavins! it wad reave me of my rest night and day, if ye deceive me.

J. Bid iceshogles hammer red goads on the studdy, And fair simmer mornings nae mair appear ruddy; Bid Britons think ae gate, and when they obey ye, But never 'till that time, believe I'll betray ye:

Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee;

The starns shall gang withershins e'er I deceive (thee,

Love, thou airy vain illusion,

Sly deceiver of my joys, solar of ward of the airs are but delusion, they are are all the warm hope my heart decoys.

ee field meliene we what love has unprinted.

But, charmer, I still adore;
Ne'er teaze me, but ease me,
Love's passion shall please me,
Whilst I your aid implore.

Your blooming the bearies first leeted love's first Your virtue and we gained it aye flame the nyer: i.eave thee lead to be a leet here. Going the Good of the prefit believe me.

N. Then finny, Good of the mante allow ye (ye; To think me your afters, for love gars me trevery).

To think me your cultrels, for love gats and then, And gin ye prove false, to ye'er fel if he fall then, Ye'll win her find honour to wrang a kind maiden:

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The frisk our bell ask sink and real

a s tipling John was jogging on, A Upon the riot night; Dun vol I ht agent work With tottering pace, and fiery face, Suspicious of high flight: The transfer of the The guards, who took John by his look," For fome chief firebrand, Ask'd, whence he came, what was his name; Who are you? stand, friend, stand. All the stand by whilper round they all food found

I'm going home, from meeting come: Ay, fays one, that's the cafe, the c Some meeting he has burnt, you fee, The flame's still in his face. It was a will still amill John thought 'twas time to purge the crime, And faid, 'twas his intent For to affuage his thirsty rage; Twas the meeting that he meant. content wender of morey

Come, friend, be plain, you trifle in vain, Says one, pray let us know, and it is married to a That we may find how you're inclin'd, The only by sping Are you high church, or low? John faid to that, I'll tell you what, what had my if To end debates and strife, All I can fay, this is the way, I steer my course of life:

I ne'er to Bow, nor Burgess go,
To steeple-house, or hall;
The brisk bar bell best suits my zeal,
With, gentlemen, do ye call?
Now judge, am I low church, or high,
From the tavern or the steeple,
Whose merry toll exalts the soul,
And must make high-slown people.

The guards came on, and look'd at John
With countenance most pleasant;

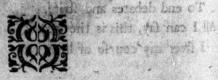
By whisper round they all soon found,
He was no damage-feasant:

So, while John stood, the best he cou'd,
Expecting their decision,

Damn him, says one, let him be gone,
He's of our own religion.

toper which eit squife or of

Bright wonder of nature,
Divine in each feature,
You conquer all hearts.
Admiring, we're dying;
"Tis only by flying
We're fafe from your darts.



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CLECACO E CONTRACTOR

And recording and women farting.

The Dyer of Roan.

To the Tune of old SIMON the King.

In a city of high degree;

There lived a dyer grand,

And a very good dyer was he!

This dyer was married, forfooth,

And married in truth was he,

To a maid in the bloom of her youth;

And she gave him some jealousy.

In vain had he fought to different What he little defired to fee,

Never dreaming his wife had a lover
Of monkey-fac'd monfieur V Abbée;
He thought of a politick way,

To bring all the matter to light,

By his feigning a journey one day,
And by lying in ambush at night.

The horses were brought to the door,

And all signs of a journey appear,

Whilst his wife (that dissembling whore)

Was bedew'd in her crocodile-tears;

A thousand grimaces she made,

To shew forth her grief at his parting;
But that was the trick of the jade,

And regardless as old womens farting.

The dyer was now out of fight,

And prepar'd to discover the treason;

You will find he was much in the right;

And I'm going to tell you the reason:

The wife was no sooner alone,

But the fent for her father-confessor, who sail. He put his best pantaloons on, which is bould produce

And he ran like the devil to bless here was a but

The damsel, with smiles on her face,

Met the abbot, and gave him a kis;

But no man wou'd have been in his place,

If he had known of the jerquer in pils.

We now may suppose them together of all had nine al

Confessing and pressing each other stril an and W Bound fast, in love's thong of whit-leather, much says A

Was the reverend catholick brother. As a form 10

Some hours were past at this rate, and the past of

When the husband, with pass-par-tout keys,
Made no scruple to open his gate,
And caught napping the hog in his pease.

Father abbot, quoth he (without passion)

Is this your church-way of confession?

Altho' 'tis a thing much in fashion;

It is nevertheless a transgression. at himself as W.

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The abbot, as you may believe,

Had but little to fay for himfelf,

He knew well what he ought to receive,

For his being fo arrant an elf;

His cloaths he got on with all speed,

And conducted he was by the dyer,

To be duckt (as you after may read)

And be cool'd from his amorous fire.

Quoth the dyer, Most reverend father,

Since I find you're so hot upon wenching,
I have gather'd my servants together,

To give you a taste of our drenching.

Here — Tom, Harry, Roger and Dick,

Take the abbot, undress him, and douse him,
They obey'd in that very same nick,

To the dye-vat they take him, and souse him.

To behold what a figure he made,

Such a monster there never was feen;

'Twas enough to make Satan afraid;

He was colour'd all over with green.

The dyer had pleafure enough,

When he thought how he dy'd him for life;

"Twas much better than using him rough,

Since he only had lain with his wife.

The abbot was led to the door,
And he took to his heels in a trice,
Never looking behind or before;
It was now not a time to be nice.

ti Oil

Fis

This reported by some of his neighbours, the life of the That he did not discover, till morning, The excellent fruits of his labours,

Nor the colour he had for his horning.

But, good lack, when he came to the glass,

And beheld such a strange alteration,

He was dy'd of the colour of grass,

And had like to have dy'd with vexation,

As this stain can be never got out,

And the abbot must lose the church-sleece;

Let him bear the disgrace (like a lout)

To be shewn for a penny a-piece.

A ROUND her fee Cupid flying,
Behold him wishing, dying.
Such graces shine all o'er her,
Gods might adore her.

Blind boy, forbear to woe her, the same of the same admits no cure, the

The abbet was 15th to \$200.

Ind he sook to he 1898 it is to to the 1898 it is to the limit of the limit of the limit of the last to the limit of the limit of the last to the

It was now not a dine to be more

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On bis Mistress drown'd.

OWEET stream, that dost with equal pace S Both thy felf fly and thy felf chace, Forbear a while to flow, or have simil or the served And liften to my woe. It to ascent wir also only

Then go, and tell the fea, that all its brine Is fresh, compar'd to mine; state of the law. Inform it that the gentler dame, Who was the life of all my flame, and or needs but Ob massacratics are the In the glory of her bud, Has pass'd the fatal flood. Death by this only stroke triumphs above The greatest power of love: Alas! alas! I must give o'er, at it wish his oft yew to ? My fighs will let me add no more. Go on, fweet stream, and henceforth rest No more than does my troubled breaft; Lord all And if my fad complaints have made thee ftay, These tears, these tears shall mend thy way.



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The Masquerade Garland.

Come all ye fons of Adam, and ansard the door of the which do haunt this place; the value of the Come all ye little eves-droppers, who pass for babes of grace; who pass for babes of grace; who pass for babes of grace; who pass the following the pass and figures.

And as ye pass along,

Pray mind a brother animal,

And liften to his fong.

Oh masquerades are fine things,

For to delight the eyes;

And the they were the foolish,

They don't offend the wife.

They don't offend the wife.

For why shou'd mirth and pleasure,

And harmless sport and play,

Or speaking with sincerity,

Be thought a rude essay to the work of the work of

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Fres abence all

Here all forts of conditions Are fociable and free; They judge not by appearances, Which often difagree! som at good you could yaw

A lord will court a scullion, The consequent all A lady hug a clown;

A judge embrace most tenderly A madam of the town.

Oh masquerades are fine things For to delight the mind; And the they vex the bishops, They make the ladies kind.

Here party makes no difference, No politicians jar; su fari del mi alumove florit

Here statesmen lay aside their pride, And with it all their care tales and sources LA Extra alia for every text

A babylonish dialect Inspires all the place; but the se l'diver and T

Which must produce, no doubt on't, and stowed

A very fprightly race. Thus fighting he viet a for Oh masquerades are fine things,

For to improve the ageintouring as away but And much beyond the liberty its racivily and toll And licence of the stage.

Here I an honest calling Have chosen at my leisure; For profit by the bye, fir, But in the main for pleasure.

30 F

For pleasure each man hither comes, 2110. 18 271 Each lady comes for pleasure; And if I'm in the right, firs, and the right and Why then my fong is measure with most double Oh masquerades are fine things, miss live Inol A From whence all pleasure springs; who have And the' the vulgar rail at them, They give delight to kings. At the manual A

> Ob malquerades are fine chings for to delight the mea

And the they ver the bilkers TITHEN love-fick Mars, the god of war Sat fighing in a shade, The willing, willing goddess bath'd salem your one Those wounds herself had made, assistiling old

Here firsteffnen igy abite clieft price, brite, All rapture he, all charming the de la ti drive bank Gave kifs for every fcar; Scalaib Missolving A Thus ravish'd he with the deity, and the seriolal Swore love was the nobler war borg frum daid W

Thus fighting he wou'd for ever die girql vary A Melting in Celia's arms, And pawn an immortality the surgenties sol For her diviner charms. and knowed dates had And licence of the glage, see seems of the

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His certain dares, mon-

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INDERNEATH this myrtle shade, On flow'ry beds fupinely laid, With odorous oyls my head o'erflowing, And around it roles growing; What shou'd I do, but drink away The heat and troubles of the day?

In this more than kingly flate the ord or And thun Ass Love himself shall on me wait; his arguv vulgued so'l' Fill to me, love, nay, fill it up, And mingled cast into the cup, Wit, and mirth, and gay defires, Vigorous health, and noble fires; and alle guide mot out

The wheel of life no loss will flay In a smooth than rugged way; the box all bivol add Since it equally doth flee, And of a cylete immediate Let the motion pleasant be. but leaves the physicists.

Why do we precious ointments show'r? Noble wines why do we pour? Beauteous flowers why do we spread Upon the monuments of the dead? Nothing they but dust can show, Or bones that haften to be fo,

be

Crown me with roses whilst I live; Now your wine and ointments give: After death I nothing crave, Let me alive my pleasures have; All are stoicks in the grave.

Daphne's Denial. Wat though do, but dried av

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with and mirch, and now deli-

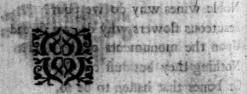
THEN Daphne o'er the meadows fled, To fave her untouch'd maidenhead, which had And thun Apollo's fuit : m io lent lideath sont The haughty virgin did not fear to much and mix His certain darts, nor fcorn to hear

No, fomething else must needs create ablied and not The cause of such a cruel hate: The wheel of life no And this was her condition; She lov'd the god, as he was fair, And of a bright immortal air, pulled actions out in

But hated the physician.

Crown

The musick of his lute.



Way do we precious oincremes flowing

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SACKER STORM CHEROLOGY

Now, as I live, I love thee much, And fain wou'd love thee more, Did I but know thy temper such, That cou'd my joy restore.

But to ingage thy virgin heart,
Then leave it in diffress,
Were to betray thy true desert,
And make thy glory less.

Were all the eastern treasures mine,
I'd lay them at thy feet;
But to invite a prince to dine
On air, it is not meet.

No, let me rather pine alone;
Then, if my fate prove coy,
I can dispense with grief my own,
Whilst thou hast showers of joy.

But if thro' my too niggard fate
Thou shou'dst unhappy prove,
I shou'd grow mad and desperate,
Thro' killing grief and love.

Since then, the more I cannot love,
Without thy injury;
As faints that to an altar move,
My thoughts to thee shall fly.
Vol. III.

maker on you Dimon it

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thro' killing giller and love.

a course year two days

And think not that the flame is less, For 'tis upon this fcore, Wert not a love beyond express, My dear, it might be more. And from would love they grand

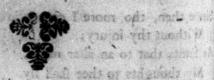
W HEN Cloe was by Damon feen, What heart cou'd be unmov'd? She look'd fo like the Cyprian queen, He gaz'd, admir'd, and lov'd.

He lov'd, alas! but lov'd in vain, And, full of grief and care, He knew he never cou'd obtain The lovely charming fair.

Cloe deserv'd a better swain; He not so fair a bride: Yet still he hugg'd the fatal chain, He lov'd, despair'd, and dy'd.

Take pity then, thou lovely maid, For Cloe's case is thine; I dare not ask, so much I dread Must Damon's fate be mine?

A.A



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Love Sm

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How happy am I, The fair fex can defy, And can e'ery day fay, my heart is my own; For I never faw yet I must for ever languish. That beauty or wit I made for two means But I lov'd if I pleas'd, or cou'd let it alone.

I thought that my flame " From on limit back Wou'd still prove the same For beautiful Celia, while Celia was true; But love was fo blind. usalito liturias voyas dali When Celia was kind, Believe, your volva gedi I chang'd her for Mopfa; for Mopfa was new:

ORINDA's sparkling wit and eyes, Uniting, cast too fierce a light, Which blazes high, but quickly dies, Pains not the heart, but hurts the fight.

Love is a calmer gentle joy, noved more ar yeld off C Smooth are his looks, and foft his pace; and town is if Her Cupid is a black-guard-boy; drive moved ton ob 10 That runs his link full in your face. Les, wes, I read

SPEAK,

Hear it, know it by 20002000

The boy way that he of he

Sight that gently Real

Was only to obtain: For new the camm is

AND CHARACTER STATES

F AREWEL, thou false Philander,
Since now from me you rove,
And leave me here to wander,
No more to think of love:
I must for ever languish,
I must for ever mourn;
From love I now am banish'd,
And shall no more return.

Farewel, deceitful traitor,
Farewel, thou perjur'd fwain!

Let never injur'd creature,
Believe your vows again:
The paffion you pretended,
Was only to obtain;

For now the charm is ended,
The charmer you disdain.

SAY, Cordelia, do you find,

Nothing in your bosom kind?

Is it never less severe?

Or do you never wish it were?

Yes, yes, I read it in your eyes,
Hear it, know it by your fighs;
Sighs that gently fteal their way,
Tell me all that you wou'd fay.

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SPEAK, lovely charmer, speak,
How long must I endure
Pains which only you cou'd make,
And you alone can cure?

If you to heaven can't raise my foul,

Let it at once expire;

Or, with pitying look, controul

The raging of its fire.

We all a common fate obtain,

Which from death's stroke is given;

But he endures eternal pain,

Who takes his blow from heaven.

O LOVE, thou never absent thought!

Thou only purpose of the mind!

All are to thy subjection brought,

Yet, not one rebel canst thou find:

Thou god! who dealst out every human lot!

Whose power decrees who's happy, and who not.

Reign still, thus mighty as thou art!

I wish not liberty restord:

For the bright idol of my heart

Was born to rule, and be adord!

But oh! the passion which you raise protect!

Nor let such truth be blasted by neglect.

C o M E to my arms, my lovely fair, Sooth my uneafy care: In my dream late I woo'd thee, And in vain I pursu'd thee, For you fled from my pray'r, And bid me despair; her few asserted of the Come to my arms, my lovely fair.

She. Tho' 'tis easy to please ye, The raging of he far And hard to deny; The' possessing's a bleffing our more more alla SV For which I cou'd die, a stand most don't I dare not, I cannot comply.

He. When I languish with anguish, And tenderly figh, Can you leave me, deceive me, And fcornfully fly? Ah! fear not; you must not deny.

She. I dare not, I cannot comply. He. Ah! fear not; you must not deny.



I what not life

W

DENIES HERE RESERVENCE

FREE from the tumults and the noise,
Which haunt the busy town;
Serene delights, and quiet joys,
Our sweet retirements crown.

Whilst others minds are rack'd with care,
Or clogg'd with chains of love,
Our thoughts are free, and clear as air,
That fans the neighbouring grove.

We laugh at all the little arts

Of Venus and her trifling boy,

Nor can that idle god of hearts

The foft repose of ours destroy.

Secure within our cage we lie,

And fweetly pass the hours away;

Whilst birds and maids, that loosely fly,

To hawks and men become a prey.



の対象をの直動を行う直向がある

COOLISH Women, By mens charms, mod tage Fly their cringing, fly their arms, and fridW For shou'd you by chance comply, have and will be are all "Tis not they, but you, must die marine mown and

Men with pleasure foon are cloy'd, mandio filld ? And forfake you when enjoy'd: do have formed to Strive their winning arts to thung of ora and poor to If you flight 'em they're undone win and tast tad'i'

When that you them overpower, At ile to dynal a ? Referve yourself until the hour try and have were to Of the matrimonial noofe, it to hors all their day work Then false men you may abuse of a sloop flot of 1

YRTILLA, like time, is always a flying, M She minds not my tears, and regards not my (fighing;

And fivecily pass the hours away;

Every minute she shuns me, and in vain I complain, For no prayers nor vows can recall her again.

My friend, be advis'd, for Time as you know, Has a lock on his forehead, Myrilla below; Then if you wou'd have her to fly you no more, To hold her, like Time, you must take her before.

FOOLISM'

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I F love fuch a passion as mine
Wou'd kindle in Celia's breast,
And with equal desire
Her heart wou'd inspire,
No mortal cou'd then be more blest.

We two in a defart alone,

Despising the world and its care,

Still each other to see,

Wou'd much happier be,

Then those who are happiest there.

If missing my Celia by chance,

Thro' the woods I had fought her in vain,

The complaints of my love,

By the birds of the grove,

Shou'd be carry'd to Celia again.

And pleas'd with my languishing voice,

They shou'd eccho my words through the air:

They shou'd tell her, her fight

Was my only delight,

And her absence my only despair.

All the heat of the day in a shade
Wou'd I sit and admire her charms;
In the evening I'd walk,
To my Celia I'd talk,
And have her all night in my arms.

But, alas! while I thus entertain Myself with the thoughts of my fair, She I fancy fo kind, May be falle as the wind, and a down avoid Inconstant and light as the air. ht albury bow ! And with equal.

No mortal cou'd then be mare bleft TIE! Celia, fcorn the little arts We two in a defart Which meaner beauties use, Who think they can't fecure our hearts, unliqued Unless they still refuse; Are coy, and shy, will seem to frown, To raise our passions higher; But when the poor delight is known o you position II It quickly palls defire well bed I aboow and 'ord'T Come let's not trifle time away, atminiamos all' Or stop you know not why to abid and ver Your blushes and your eyes betray bythen ad buode What death you mean to die! ren intim Doesig LoA Let all your maiden fears be gone, done brook you'T

And love no more be croft; at Ilst blood yadT Ah! Celia, when the joys are known, to you saw You'll curse the minutes lost. Ten exhibits and bal

All the heat of the day is a faste Would I fit and adult of the thurses, In the eyoning 1st office over the last of the

A To my Calsa I'd tal A faid have her all eight in my arms.

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MENCHICAGE STREETS

I rany so wise is,

That sack he despises,

Let him drink his small beer and be sober,

Whilst we drink wine and sing,

As if it were spring,

He shall droop like the trees in October.

But be fure, over-night
If this dog do you bite,
You take it henceforth for a warning,
Soon as out of bed,
To fettle your head,
Take a hair of his tail in the morning.

And be not so filly,
To follow old Lilly,
For there's nothing but wine that can tune us;
Let his ne assuescas
Be put in his cap-case,
And sing, bibito vinum jejunus.



Epithalamium on the Marriage of a Vintner.

HOU gentle god, who dost preside Over the bridegroom and the bride, If Bacchus for your fire you own, And if you are fair Venus' fon, Regard with smiles this virtuous pair; The youth like Bacchus does appear, The virgin like your mother fair. At night thy fweetest influence shed To femile reserve Upon the facred nuptial bed; The youth let Bacchus gently warms The charming labour to perform: And let kind Venus teach the maid Not of her rites to be afraid. rake's author. And, o Lucina, bless their joys With lovely girls and spritely boys; Be these the pledges to improve The growing ardour of their love; Which by no length of time shall die, But follow them above the sky. Such be the pleasure of their days, As may the wandring rakes amaze: And force them gravely to confess, That Hymen's joys alone can bless.

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COESSESSE LANGUAGE

PR'Y THEE, Sylvia, why so coy?

Lips were made for kissing:

Without love, our solid joy,

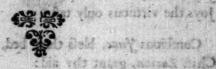
Life's but a foolish empty toy,

And hardly worth possessing.

Love can make us truly bleft;
Would'ft thou be lefs cruel,
Soon its pleafures thou might'ft tafte;
But love's a fire, and can't fubfift
Without fupply of fuel.

Boast no more, fond swain, of pleasure;
What the fickle fair can give thee,
Believe me, 'tis a fairy treasure,
And thy hopes will soon deceive thee.

Sweet's the flower, but quickly flying,
I've known her fmiles and her diffaining;
Fair's the flower, but quickly dying;
Cloe still will be complaining.



Epithalamium.

to a were usade for killing

TYMEN, god of chast delight, Now thy genial torches light; delegated to the Love invokes thee, love that's true, and had Love that is ally'd to you; Not the impostor, that inspires of east to block Vicious flames and loofe defires. To the altar fee the youth Led by love and manly truth; See the bride, whose charming face Modest looks and blushes grace. Now, I fee them join their hands, Now, they're bound in gentle bands; Now, the youth, fecure of joys, Briskly shews it in his eyes; us britt , occ protest Now, has banish'd all his fears, Mark third broom fresh And for coming blis prepares; Swiftly Phaebus, drive thy car; Quickly rife, o evening star: But, o night, thy hafte delay, And a while keep back the day, While the pair with joys are bles'd, Joys that cannot be express'd, Joys the virtuous only tafte.

Conscious June, bless their bed, Chast Lucina, grant thy aid:

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May their happy offspring prove
Stricter ties of mutual love;
And old age the lovers find
Still more loving, still more kind.

From that one glance I wounded lie:

O look again, and let me die:

Kill me outright; I cannot brook

To live like one that's planet-struck;

Bless me again with those bright rays,

That shorten, yet make sweet my days.

O shoot more lightning from those eyes,

To shew you accept the facrisice.

Of my poor heart, which now doth burn,

While I both priest and offering turn;

I'll blame those eyes no more that prove

My ruin, since they cause my love.



ten bi wan maan ta

BARTHER BURGARD

I e Hamilla then my own?

O the dear, the charming treasure!

Fortune now in vain shall frown;

All my future life is pleasure.

See how, rich with youthful grace,

Beauty warms her every feature;

Smiling heaven is in her face;

All is gay, and all is nature.

See what mingling charms arise,
Rosy smiles and kindling blushes;
Love sits laughing in her eyes,
And betrays her secret wishes.

M Y Phillis, deny me no more; I pr'ythee now be not so coy; Such scorn as you shew'd heretofore, Feeds your pride, but it starves all your joy.

I'll blame thoif eyes no more that more

If I by the giving my heart

Can find so much profit accrue,

What then must there be on your part;

Since I gave it to none but to you?

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When fporting lambkins play,
When fpangled fields renew'd appear,
And musick wak'd the day;
Then did my Clae leave her bower,
To hear my amorous lay;
Warm'd by my love, she vow'd no power
Shou'd lead her heart astray.

The warbling quires, from every bough,
Surround our couch in throngs;
And all their tuneful arts beflow,
To give us change of fongs;
Scenes of delight my foul poffes'd;
I blefs'd, then hugg'd my maid;
I robb'd the kiffes from her breaft,
Sweet as a noon-day's thade.

Joy fo transporting never fails

To fly away as air;

Another swain with her prevails,

To be as false as fair.

What can my fatal passion cure?

I'll never woo again:

All her disdain I must endure,

Adoring her in vain.

WHAT pity 'tis to hear the boy.

Thus fighing with his pain;
But time and fcorn may give him joy.

To hear her figh again.

Ah! fickle Cloe, be advis'd,

Do not thy felf beguile;

A faithful lover shou'd be priz'd;

Then cure him with a smile.

M USICK'S the cordial of a troubled breast, The softest remedy that grief can find; The gentle spell that charms our cares to rest, And calms the russing passions of the mind,

Mufick does all our joys refine,
"Tis that gives relish to our wine,
"Tis that gives rapture to our love;
It wings devotion to a pitch divine,
"Tis our chief bliss on earth, and half our heaven (above.



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I r mighty wealth, that gives the rules
To vicious men and cheating fools,
Cou'd but preserve me in the prime
Of blooming youth, and purchase time,
I wou'd covet riches too,
And scrape, and cheat as others do;
Then when the minister of fate,
Pale death, was knocking at the gate;
I'd send him loaded back with coin;
A bribe of richer dust than mine.

But fince that life must slide away,
And wealth can't purchase one poor day;
Why shou'd my cares increase my pain,
And waste my time with sighs in vain?
Since riches cannot life supply,
It is a useless poverty.
Swift time, that can't be brought to stay,
I'll try to guide the gentlest way;
With chearful friends brisk wine shall pass,
And drown a care in every glass:
Sometimes diverted with love's charms;
The circle made by Celia's arms.

Your pathon our iright deceives;

CERTAIN CENTER AND THE SEASON

A Dialogue between a Man and bis Wife.

W.	To me you made a thousand vows,
	To me you made a thousand vows,
	I gave you all that love allows,
	The pleasures of the nuptial bed:
	But, now my eyes have loft their charms, but I'
	Or you abate in your defire; banking addid A
	You wish another in your arms,
	And burn with an unhallow'd fire.
	to a wealth can't perchaso one pone days are to

- I must with pleasure own, is true;

 But had I ten times the desire,

 How wou'd the passion injure you?
- W. Love is a facred tree of life,

 That up to heaven its branches rears;

 Yet admirations's but the leaf,

 Enjoyment is the fruit it bears.
- H. Thus, while you raise this vain dispute,
 Your passion but itself deceives;
 While you yourself have all the fruit,
 What need you envy me the leaves?

of Dia-

Both.

Be

And

You

Wh

I count thy feard artiller's

Believe me, Cretick there the best

Both. Away then all fondness, I find 'tis in vain

For wives, when neglected, to figh and complain;
We raise the loose wishes we strive to restrain.

'Tis a folly to whine, to languish and grieve,
Let us rather endeavour ourselves to deceive;
What we wish to be true, love bids us believe.

Time, reason, or change at last will relieve;

'Tis a folly to whine, to languish and grieve.

W HILST, Galatea, you defign
To gain a conquest o'er all hearts
Take heed lest you your own resign;
Love plays not idly with his darts.

Be careful how you fan his fire;
And while you ftrive to gain defire,
You do not fall into that fnare,
Which for your lovers you prepare,





The Rover.

What we will be seen as which I

C upid, difarm thyself on me,
And all thy arrows spend;
I court thy fear'd artillery;
Shoot then, and be my friend.

I only dread thy sparing rage,
By which I am confin'd;
Do not my thoughts to one engage,
That's mercilessly kind.

What common plowman idly wou'd
On one small spot bestow,
What he to nobler purpose shou'd
Upon whole acres sow?

Believe me, Cupid, those thy best And useful captives prove, Who not in this or that will rest, But rove in constant love.



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The Shepherd's Enquiry.

C E A S E your musick, gentle swains:

Saw you Delia cross the plains? Every thicket, every grove, Have I rang'd, to find my love. A kid, a lamb, my flock I give; Tell me only, does the live? wa mesod believe

White her skin, as mountain fnow: Guard thou with a mi In her cheeks, the roles blow: Perple viders bluffi And, her eye is brighter far, enwell southi Than the beamy morning-flar. When her ruddy lip you view, 'Tis a berry, moift with dew. Bort their render Sweet the breathes, as evening gales, Outchir faline, Paffing o'er the fragrant vales: Borgey he'es was the Wide her bosom opens, gay Let the mover on As the flow'ry field in May. Mr syomesi of Low, her gloffy treffes twine, Like the tendrels, on the vine. Like the hind, before the hounds, Thro' the filent lawn she bounds: And with lightfome foot the treads, When the winding dance she leads.

Tell me, shepherds, have you feen My delight; my little queen?

Second in misse

Speciaging beaut Seas no lovery

malos valuació

The Sheetend's Engsin HARK, Lucinda, to the wooing,
Murm'ring turtles am'rous cooing; Shelly grotts their love rebound: Streams along the pebbles trilling, Heart with trembling pleasure filling, Sweetly answer to the found. Sout you do not a seed A

Twisted boughs above combining, Loving joy around them twining, and and addition Guard thee with a mingled shade: Purple vi'lets, blushing roses, malitime at any part the A Od'rous flowers in various posies, Drefs thy bosom and thy head. When her, radily the

w Strone product a sift" See! their tender beings flying! Server 414- marches Quickly fading, quickly dying! Beauty ne'er was fram'd to last # metal rational Let the lover once advise thee, To improve the good that flies thee; Soon, ah! foon, the feafon's paft.

Air with hollow tempests swelling, Gathering clouds a storm foretelling, Shroud in night the fairest day: Springing beauty, gaily blooming, and the said men of Sees not lowry winter's coming, Tell me, theply To December change her May.

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While warm our vig'rous spirits play,
Let's give the rein to gay desires,
Nor heed what snarling dotards say.

The fates permit the fetting fun
To rife next morn, with equal light;
But we, when our short day is done,
Must sleep eternity of night.

Give me a thousand kisses then,
Give me, my dear, a hundred more;
Begin the thousand all again,
Again repeat the hundred o'er.

Then when they many thousands be,

We'll kiss confus'd to lose th' account;

For wretched poor, methinks, is he,

That knows to what his sums amount.



I wall for drove yours you show I



SAPPHO. While warm our vighous france track

HAIL, facred muse, and vocal shell, That wont the joys of love to tell; Now turn your fong to mounful frains My joys are fled, my love remains!

Wanton Cupid, idle toyer, Pleasing tyrant, soft destroyer, Do not thus my heart controll. Phaon flies me far away,

Reason does renounce thy sway, Tet contented I obey. Sanda Content and a 20 3 Ever raging, Paft affwaging, time words value vent alle wast ? Love possesses all my foul. They as britten and half.

OBTELS.

Beneath this fad and filent gloom, was sword and I waste my beauty, youth, and bloom: But not the shades that banish day Drive Phaon's brighter form away; A youth so shap'd, with such a mien, A front, like that of love, serene, With sparkling eyes and flowing hair, And wit that ever charms the fairy The spightful gods contrived for ruin, And deck'd him thus for my undoing.

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For wrecked poor, mechanic

Oh! the foft transporting pleasure!

When we yield our virgin treasure!

When we meet the joyous lover,

And an equal flame discover;

Nothing now to love denying,

Both with guiltless rapture dying!

Oh! the soft transporting blis!

What is life, or same, to this!

I rave, I rave, unhappy maid!

That name my folly does upbraid,

To shame, remorse, and death betray'd!

What power, what god can send relief!

Sicilian virgins shun the arts

Whence my misfortunes rise,

With ease my Phäon conquers hearts,

With ease neglects the prize.

I dream, or in some rival's arms,
Forgetful of my risted charms,
I behold the perjur'd boy!
Anguish waste,
Lightning blast,
Heaven forsake her,
Hell o'ertake her,
E'er she tastes the rising joy!

No—let her triumph, let her prize
The faithless wretch, whom I despise:
By his ingratitude set free,
I'll reap the sweet of liberty.

160

Mighty hero, cou'd you leave me? Did my charmer hope to grieve me? Thus be all thy wifnes blafted, For no longer I adore thee; Had thy love one moment lafted, Haply I had chang'd before thee.

Wander, Phaon, so will I, Roving, ranging, trates from sentile aver 1. Ever changing, Gay and airy, that a strong street ten? Form'd to vary, but Aromer comell or I to pain you to the last has how men were neld Will disdain you,

And to nobler conquests fly.

Resentment, pride, and glowing shame, Once guardians of my spotless fame, By conquering love tho' banish'd hence, Again vouchsafe me your defence; Affert an empire late your own, And shake the tyrant on his throne: Support me! aid me! for I feel My fainting resolution reel: Doubt, thou certain state of sorrow, We lose to day to wait to-morrow. He may return, my Phaon may -I cheat myself, why does he stay?

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Shall Sappho, like a helples maid, with the Pine to death, of death afraid?

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I've try'd all female arts in vain. Diffembled fcorn, and false diffain; For, oh! with real grief opprest, I burn, and tempests shake my breast. Oh! what terments wound my heart! Gentle death, in pity take me, And perform thy grateful duty; Since my Phaon does forfake me, To thy arms I yield my beauty, ow some Kinder thine than Cupid's dart.

Daniel bow fived blood

Dal not time its charact palities.

R Corinna would but hear, and dit we rovol blood to What impatient love cou'd fay, it guests out sto. I She wou'd banish idle fear, Courl thoughts, that paid, And with ease his laws obey, or you storn on riA She wou'd foon approve the fong, it will ste walk Like the voice, and bless the tongue.

Since to filence I'm confin'd, jours toy brisk radw , chee; Sighs and ogles must declare of the win soro What torments my thoughtful mind, we and out the How I wish, and how despair; or noot cor col All the motions of my heart, Sighs and ogles must impart.



I MAYON TO STORE

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with real grief orwicht,

I burn, and tempeths theke my breatt. The short-liv'd Pleasure.

Genela death, in siry take tory

FICKLE blis! fantaftick treasure! Love, how foon thy joys are past! Since we foon must lose the pleasure, Oh, 'twere better ne'er to taffe!

Gods! how fweet wou'd be poffeffing, Did not time its charms destroy; Or cou'd lovers with the bleffing buow ansited a Lose the thoughts of Capid's joy-noisequi ranW 1

Cruel thoughts, that pain, yet please me, Ah no more my reft deftroy; Shew me still, if you wou'd case me, pior alt sall Love's deceits, but not its joy.

Since to filence I i Gods, what kind yet cruel powers Force my will, to rack my mind! Ah! too long we wait for flowers, bus fliv I woll What to ments as Too, too foon to fade delign d. To anoisola sile IA To lake so day no walk



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To

SEMPHEROLES HENRICE

Come, all ye youths, whose hearts e'er bled.

By cruel beauty's pride,.

Bring each a garland on his head,

Let none his forrows hide:

But hand in hand around me move,

Singing the saddest tales of love;

And see, when your complaints ye join,

If all your wrongs can equal mine.

The happiest mortal once was I,

My heart no forrows knew;

Pity the pain with which I die,

But ask not whence it grew.

Yet if a tempting fair you find,

That's very lovely, very kind;

Tho' bright as heaven, whose stamp she bears,

Think of my fate, and shun her snares.

Samuel distribution same and

Cover with and error braves

To fhe be not kind as fair,

But peevish and unhandy,

Leave her; she's only worth the care

Of some spruce jack-a-dandy.

I wou'd not have thee fuch an afs,
Hadft thou ne'er fo much leifure,
To figh and whine for fuch a lafs
Whose pride's above her pleasure.

SILHW

SHEET SHEET SHEET SHEET

A Spouse I do hate,
For either the's false or the's jealous;
But give us a mate,
Who nothing will ask us, or tell us.

She stands on no terms,

Nor chaffers, by way of indenture,

Her love for your farms;

But takes a kind man at a venture.

If all prove not right;
Without an act, process, or warning,
From wife for a night,
You may be divorc'd in the morning.

When parents are flaves,
Their brats cannot be any other;
Great wits, and great braves
Have always a punk for their mother.



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WHILE monarchs in stern battle strove
For proud imperial sway,
Abandon'd to his milder love,
Within a silent peaceful grove,
Alcidor careless lay.

Some term'd it cold unmanly fear;
Some, nicety of fense;
That drums and trumpets cou'd not hear,
The fullying blasts of powder bear,
Or with foul camps dispense.

A patient martyr to their fcorn,
And each ill-fashion'd jest,
The youth, who but for love was born,
Remain'd; and thought it vast return
To reign in Gloria's breast.

But oh! a ruffling foldier came,
In all the pomp of war;
The gazettes long had fpoke his fame,
Now hautboys his approach proclaim,
And draw in crowds from far.

Cloria, unhappily, wou'd gazes

And, as he nearer drew,

The man of feather and of lace,

Stopp'd short, and with profound amaze,

Took all her charms to view.

A bow, which from campaigns he brought,
And to his houliters low,
Herfelf and the spectators taught,
That her the fairest nymph he thought,
Of all that form'd the row.

Next day, e'er Phœbus cou'd be feen,
Or any gate unbarr'd,
At her's, upon the adjoining green,
From ranks with waving flags between,
Were foften'd trumpets heard.

The noon does following treats provided

In the pavilion's shade,

The neighbourhood, and all beside,

That will attend the amorous pride,

Are welcom'd, with the maid.

Poor Alcidor, thy hopes are cross'd;
Go, perish on the ground;
Thy sighs by stronger notes are toss'd,
Drove back, or in the passage lost,
Rich wines thy tears have drown'd.

In womens hearts, the fostest things
Which nature could devise,
Are yet some harsh and jarring strings,
That when loud same, or profit rings,
Will answer to the noise.

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Poor Alcidor, go fight or die,
Let thy fond notions ceafe;
Man was not made in shades to lie,
Or his full bliss at ease enjoy,
To live, or love, in peace.

LONELY groves young Strephon chusing,
There to indulge his amorous musing,
Love augments, while love he blames.
Cruel love! you cause my anguish,
Thus with care I pine and languish,
Thus consume amid your flames.

I despair at Celia's frowning,
When she weeps, in tears I'm drowning;
Smiles give pleasing pains at best.
Love, who heard the youth upbraid him,
Conscious of his presence made him,
And his godhead thus express:

While you speak of pains and dying.
Soothing rapture you're enjoying;
My soft empire's built on sighs:
When those anxious cares are over,
Soon you lose the name of lover;
Love insipid grows, and dies.

0950

CASTA COMPONION CONTRACTOR OF CONTRACTOR OF

The COMPETITION: Occasioned by the Success of the Beggar's Opera.

Two * nymphs, the most renown'd, sir,
For voice and skill profound, sir, Late fought with rival pains, fir, And most melodious strains, fir, The foremost feat of fame. Apollo, both befriending, as he saw a saw direction From Helicon descending, and bear address that the Thought this the only time, fir, I deficie in culture see To try the tafte fublime, fir, Which Britain's courtiers claim,

The god, wrapt in a cloud, fir, O'erlook'd the judging croud, fir; Her right each warbler vaunting to be hope in the Their accents so enchanting,

The god, divided, charm. Third to depit may be to While each wife academic, and any transfer well-so. is their compact that als With instruments polemic, His want of skill to fmother, who was a want to be Damns one, to raise the other, amin and and way may As caprice gives th' alarm. it carrons biquili even

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^{*} FAUSTINA and CULLONL

The god, incens'd to fury
At fuch a rable-jury,
Swore Britain's flars and garters,
Not fit to judge 'tween carters,

While whittling for a ring.

And fuch to prove their tafte, fir, and and and and Dispatch'd an imp in haste, fir, and an another in the provention of the pr

The wanton tun'd her voice, fir, the side was the state of Such vulgar strains her choice, fir, the side was the same of sales of Such vulgar strains her choice, fir, the same of sales of Such vulgar state of Such vulgar stat

At country fair or wake.

The judges cease their squall, sir, the devel been larged. O

Let party-fury fall, sir, the devel been larged of

While each enamour'd ninny, and a glovel of school, and

Declar'd with bus and guinea, the shool and a last bush

She'd won the rival stake.

Enrag'd at fuch abuses,
(Disgracing all the muses)
The rival nymphs appeal'd, fir,
The god himself reveal'd, fir,

To judge th' affrighted peers:

The contest, like his own, fir,

With Pan for lawrel-crown, fir,

He wisely did decide, as

Once on his own judge Midas,

And ftretch'd their lordships ears.

Surone divinalists alle

CLECKION DE CONTRACTOR DE CONT

Come, gentle fleep, and as I lie,

Oh, bid the hours tread foftly by;

While, in thy still pavillion laid,

I think upon the charming maid.

Some mimick dream, on fancy's wing

Light-pois'd, command such joys to bring,

(Obedient to thy milder sway)

As tyrant love denies by day.

Come, fweet feducers! who reftore
Sad exiles to their native shore;
To his proud hopes the courtier raise;
And crown the youthful bard with bays.
O, come! and lavish all your art,
To paint the mistress of my heart:
But, make the lovely phantom kind;
And bless, while you deceive, my mind.

Like Egypt's queen, her charms display;
And let me give the world away!
Or Juno like, let her be seen,
(If Juno have so bright a mien)
When smiling soft with languid eyes,
Within the chambers of the skies,
She fondly tempts, to nuptial love,
The mighty majesty of Jove.

JUD.

relief eight aviolation and

T

B

In the warm blush of virgin bloom,
Conduct her to the bridal room!
Ye graces, there undress the fair;
Ye graces, loose her gather'd hair!
O come! and, while my ravish'd view
This pleasing shadow shall pursue,
Let my resemblance be convey'd,
Indulgent, to the sleeping maid:
That both our visions may agree,
And the chaste charmer think on me!

As charming Clora walk'd alone;
The feather'd fnow came foftly down,
Like Jove descending from his tower,
To court her in a filver shower:
The shining slakes slew to her breasts have being sur-done with whiteness there;
But being out-done with whiteness there;
For grief dissolv'd into a tear;
Thence slowing down her garment's hem.
To deck her froze into a gem.

But confidut to my grave

Could tree but change condition.



Y Cloe, why do ye slight me, Since all you ask you have? No more with frowns affright me, Nor use me like a flave: rousell ode or tresinhal Good nature to discover. That both our vikuos Use well your faithful lover, And the challe cherin I'll be no more a rover, But conftant to my grave.

Cou'd we but change condition, My grief wou'd all be flown; Were I the kind physician, to the main and I And you the patient grown: All own you're wond'rous pretty, I me ad the o'l' Well-shap'd, and also witty, or well assist united and Enforc'd with generous pity, and our about a fil sa Then make my case your own anon-too good and

For grief diffibly'd into a The filver fwan, when dying, Theace howing down Has most melodious lays; one soon and about of Like him, when life is flying, In fongs I'll end my days: But know, thou cruel greature, My foul shall mount the flecter, And I shall fing the fweeter. By warbling forth thy praise.

r C

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Or

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※⑥國保証の120元の120元年

Newly the hills adorning, and and direct of the Told him Mamma would be flark mad, draw and all the She miffing prayers that morning; a time an extend Damon, his arm about her waift, on that drive and as Swore, the nought should them sunder, as want A Should my rough Dad know how I'm blest, it is "Twould make him road like thunder! Two tad W

By faction still support it; is girls become reveal liw I Or where vile money taints the minds, an evolute I They for convenience court it; and read the limit I But mighty love, that scorns to shew an ability I Party shou'd raise his glory, and have a shift of Swears, he'll exalt a valid true, it am ed and it of Let it be Whig or Tory. I made not I was said.

CHALL I, wasting in despair, mon Make I was Die because a woman's fair? Shall my cheeks look pale with care, had been worked 'Cause another's role are interested another's role Be the fairer than the day and they of svory a at 1914. Or the flow'ry meads in May some and a not a no Yet if the think not well of me, and the man of

What care I how fair the be this policy of the order.

Shall a woman's goodness move Me to perish for her love; notice to and add vive of Or, her worthy merits known ow account mid alo'T Make me quite forget ony own forcing smill in all -Be the with that goodness bleft, so is mess and somethed As may merit name the beft, it signon our growe.

Yet, if the be not faite me, and dance you book What care I how good the bedin shan I now"

Be the good, or kind confair, no vd shan sono mond I will never more despair; a brought list noise ve Or where vile money tain, everiled sidt, am evol of I will die e'er the thall grieves minevion voi rad T If the flight me when I wood and and vidging to I will fcorn, and let her go good dust broad you'll So if the be not fit for me leve a stare I'm estavel. What care I for whom the be? 10.3 14 34 31 33.1

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FAIR

STATES AND TO STATE OF THE STAT

FAIR Amoret is gone aftray,
Purfue, and feek her, ev'ry lover;
I'll tell the figns by which you may.
The wandring shepherdess discover,

Coquet and coy at once her air,

Both study'd, tho' both seem neglected;

Carcless she is with artful care,

Affecting to seem unaffected.

With skill her eyes dart ev'ry glance,
Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect 'em';
For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
Tho' certain aim and art direct 'em.

For that which in her felf the prizes;
And, while the laughs at them, forgets
She is the thing that the despites.

in You





RAIR Iris and her swain
Were in a shady bower,
Where Thirsis long, in vain,
Had sought the happy hour;
At length his hand advancing
Upon her snowy breast,
He said, o kiss me longer,
Longer yet, and longer,
If you will make me blest.

By trusting is undone;
Our fex is oft betray'd

By granting love too foon:

If you defire to gain me,

Your fufferings to redress,

Prepare to love me longer,

Longer, yet and longer,

Before you shall possess.

Th. The little care you shew
Of all my forrows past,
Makes death appear too slow,
And life too long to last:
Fair Iris, kiss me kindly,
In pity of my fate,
Fair Iris kiss me kindly,
Kindly still, and kindly,
Before it be too late.

You fondly court your bliss, And no advances make; Tis not for maids to give, But 'tis for men to take: So you may kifs me kindly, 775 want ob wo T And I will not rebel: and the of the no 1 Thirsis may kis me kindly, the wind mod W Kindly still, and kindly, we being practice bat. But never kiss and tell. For how can pleasure fol

Th. And may I kifs you kindly? The world small

Ir. Yes you may kifs me kindly of to the svoi I off

Th. And kindly ftill, and kindly ? white the

It. And kindly still, and kindly.

Th. And will you not rebel?

Ir. And I will not rebel: : Entisones dilbertay off

But do not kifs and tell, but do not kifs and tell.

Our leafe then right

Th. No, no, I'll never kiss and tell; no, no, I'll never (kifs and tell.

Both. Thus at the height we love and live,

And fear not to be poor;

We give and we give, we give and we give, Till we can give no more:

But what to day shall take away.

To-morrow will restore.

But what &cer.

BELLEDA.



But 'tis for men to take:

Tow do they err, who throw their love On fate or fortune wholly, Whom only rants and flights can move, And rapture join'd with folly!

For how can pleasure folid be, Where thought is out of feafon? I want but ... Do I love you, or you love me, and ware now ver My dear, without a reason? Hist yibaid has at And kindly fill, and I

Our fense then rightly we'll employ, No paradife expecting; lady son line I have Yet envying none the trifling joy, That will not bear reflecting, you ill on old dr

For wifdom's power (fince after all, in and I down Ev'n life is past the curing) Softens the worst that can befall, And makes the best enduring.

Mariotaria de los como fraços



BELINDA.

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SHOWERS SOME STREET, SHARE

BELINDA, with affected mien,
Trys all the power of art, book I visuolit a 1187 Yet finds her efforts all in vain, santo you less or To gain a fingle heart: I solutil 100 to somethin adT Whilst Cloe, in a different way, what draw nomenos al Is but her felf to pleafe; And makes new conquests every day, Without one borrowed grace. mort mo am balgart no Y Belinda's haughty air deftroys nie Elib ruov, to dram adT What native charms inspire; If thus, Corinta, you find While Cloe's artless shining eyes On all that do adore, Set all the world on fire: of Dura Laidnam lle apilT Belinda may our pity move, Or you must finile no

But Cloe gives us pain;
And while she smiles us into love,
Her fifter frowns in vain.

Forgive a wond'ring youth's delire:

Those charms, those virtues, when he sees,

How can he see, and not admire?

tuber, kindly thus ou reads

While each the other still improves,

The fairest face, the fairest mind;

Not, with the proverb, he that loves,

But he that loves you not, is blind.

1867 A Collection of Songs.



rent pas mich affented mien. THILE filently I lov'd, por dar'dwoq oil lie egit CI To tell my crime aloud, ni lie amono rad abnit tay The influence of your finiles I than'd, aignit a mirg of In common with the crowd, more life in a and the V

But when I once my flame exprest, and the trade of tomo was taken Int. In hopes to ease my pain, You fingled me out from the rest The mark of your disdain, vorting vis vulgued a sharily

If thus, Corima, you shall frown arrived a wine and w On all that do adore, Then all mankind must be undone, who were about the Or you must smile no more.

And while the finites us into love.

The first loves you use in billed.

K Ever love me, ever charm; Let the paffion know no menfure, and a visit of Yet no jealous fear abrent too e pair boom a suismole

BREW.

Why shou'd we, our blis beguiling as and of me wolf By dull doubting fall at odds? Meet my fost embracesofmiling i list radio and slage alid t We'll be happy as the godsferied and soat flerich on I or, with the present, he that loves,

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SHOWEN TO THE WAY

Plan has Boller and Died Hill

T Winchester was a wedding, alad onew abel sal'T A The like was never feen, vol aid land does no! Twixt lufty Ralph of Reading, more and Will and And bony black Best of the green: a set al 104 The fidlers were crowding before, myse quiet mad? Each lass was as fine as a queen; There was a hundred and more, which was For all the country came in sale of T Brisk Robin led Rose so fair, She look'd like a lilly o'th' vale, had voil won ball And ruddy-fac'd Harry led Mary, And Roger led bouncing Nell. With Tomy came fmiling Katy, He helpt her over the flile, and saw sand the A And fwore there was none to pretty while and And fwore he we In forty and forty long mile: Kir gave a green gown to Berry, but belggerft ad? And lent her his hand to rife; him yber but But Jenny was jeer'd by Warry, it in mother sim? For looking blue under the eyes: In biguil half Thus merrily chatting all, They pass'd to the bride house along, With Jonney and pretty-fac'd Nanny,
The fairest of all the throng.

of P

The bridegoom came out to meet 'cm,
Afraid the dinner was spoil'd,
And usher'd 'em in to treat 'em,
With bak'd, and roasted, and boil'd.
The lads were frolick and jolly,
For each had his love by his side;
But Willy was melancholly,
For he had a mind to the bride:
Then Philip begins her health,
And turns a beer-glass on his thumb;
But Jenkin was reckon'd for drinking
The best in Christendam.

And now they had din'd, advancing
Into the midst of the hall,
The sidlers struck up for dancing,
And Jeremy led up the brawl;
But Margery kept a quarter,
A lass that was proud of her pelf,
'Cause Arthur had stoln her garter,
And swore he wou'd tie it himself;
She struggled, and blush'd, and frown'd,
And ready with anger to cry,
'Cause Arthur, in tying her garter,
Had slipp'd his hand too high.

And now for throwing the stocking,

The bride away was led;

The bridegroom got drunk, and was knocking.

For candles to light him to bed:

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But Robin, finding him filly,

Most friendly took him aside,
The while that his wife with Willy

Was playing at hooper's-hide:
And now the warm game begins,

The critical minute was come,
And chatting, and billing, and kissing,

Went merrily round the room.

Pert Stephen was kind to Betty,

And blith as a bird in the spring;

And Tomy was so to Kitty,

And wedded her with a rush-ring:

Sukey, that danc'd with the cushion,

An hour from the room had been gone,

And Barnaby knew, by her blushing,

That some other dance had been done:

And thus of fifty fair maids,

That came to the wedding with men,

Searce five of the fifty was left ye,

That so did return again.



AKSTEKSTEKSTEKS

On a bank of flowers, in a fummer's day,
Inviting and undrest,
In her bloom of years, bright Celia lay,
With love and sleep opprest:
When a youthful swain, with admiring eyes,
Wish'd he durst the fair maid surprize,
With a fa, la, la, &cc.
But sear'd approaching spies.

As he gaz'd, a gentle breeze arofe,

That fann'd her robes afide,

And the fleeping nymph did the charms difclose,

Which waking the wou'd hide.

Then his breath grew short, and his pulse beat high,

He long'd to touch what he chanc'd to spy,

With a fa, la, la, &cc.

But durst not still draw nigh.

All amaz'd he stood, with her beauties sir'd,
And bless the courteous wind;
Then in whispers sigh'd, and the gods desir'd,
That Celia might be kind.
When with hope grown bold, he advanc'd amain;
But she laugh'd loud in a dream, and again
With a fa, la, la, &cc.
Repell'd the tim'rous swain.

Yet when once defire has inflam'd the foul,
All modest doubts withdraw;
And the god of love does each fear controul,
That wou'd the lover awe.
Shall a prize like this, says the vent'rous boy,
'Scape, and I not the means employ,
With a fa, la, la, &c.
To seize the proffer'd joy?

Here the glowing youth, to relieve his pain,

The flumbering maid carefs'd,

And with trembling hands (O the simple swain!)

Her glowing bosom press'd:

When the virgin wak'd and affrighted flew,

Yet look'd, as wishing he wou'd pursue,

With a fa, la, la, &c.

But Damon miss'd his cue.

Now, repenting that he had let her fly,
Himself he thus accus'd;
What a dull and stupid blockhead was I,
That such a chance abus'd?
To my shame 'twill now on the plains be said,
Damon a virgin asleep betray'd,
With a fa, la, la, &c.
Yet let her go a maid.



SEMESTABLE delign in a billion of the contract of the contract

The first ODE of ANACREON.

wher would the lover aure.

there is very a the market of the party

On his LUTE

THE line of Arrens will I fing;
To Cadmus will I tune the ftring:
But as from ftring to ftring I move,
My lute will only found of love.

The cords I change through every fcrew,
And model the whole lute anew.
Once more, in fong my voice I raife;
And, Hercules, thy toils I praife:
My lute does ftill my voice deny,
And in the tones of love reply.

Ye heroes, then, at once farewell,

Loves duly eccho from my shell.



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The second ODE. On WOMEN.

The horse with hoofs she fortifies;
The fleeting foot on hares bestows;
On lions teeth, two dreadful rows!
Grants sish to swim; and birds to sty;
And on their skill bids men rely.

Women alone defenceless live:

To women, what does nature give?

Beauty she gives, instead of darts;

Beauty, instead of shields, imparts:

Nor can the sword, nor fire oppose,

The fair, victorious where she goes.

The third ODE. On Love.

Remains unflackent by the flower.

O NE midnight, when the Bear did stand,
A level with Böotes' hand:
And, with their labour fore opprest,
The race of men were lain to rest:
Then to my doors, at unawares,
Came Love, and try'd to force my bars.

Who thus affails my doors, I cry'd?
Who breaks my flumbers? Love reply'd;
Open: a child is only here!
A little child! —— you need not fear.
Through the moonless night I stray,
And drench'd in rain, have lost my way.

Mov'd to pity by his plight,

All in hafte my lamp I light,

And open: when a child I fee!

A little child, he feem'd to me;

Who bore a quiver, and a bow,

And wings did to his shoulders grow.

Within the hearth I bid him stand:
Then, chase and cherish either hand
Between my palms; and wring, with care,
The trickling water from his hair.

Come, (faid he, no longer chill)

We'll bend this bow, and try our skill,

And prove the ftring, how far its pow'r.

Remains unflacken'd by the show'r.

He bends the bow; and culls his quiver;
And pierces (like a breeze) my liver.
Then, leaping, laughing, as he fled,
Rejoice with me, my hoft, he faid:
My bow is found in every part;
And you shall rue it at your heart.

R

A

The fourth ODE.

On himfelf.

strail led an Andrew Howelt

FITHER lotes and myrtles bring; Tender harvest of the spring. Soft and cool, my limbs recline; While I give my felf to wine. Love (his flowing mantle bound, With a fedge, his neck around) Love himself shall fill the bowl: For life, hastening to the goal, Paffes with a rapid trill; a first hat a line year and me? I Swift, as whirls the chariot-wheel: And our bones to moulder lain, We, a little dust, remain. I a spal of a larged production

Why ointments on my stone bestow? Vainly, why, the ground bestrow? Ointments on me living shed; Roses cluster round my head; and in soly and line And, oh, bring my charmer here! Let me, e'er I disappear, a sad al an ada a E'er, o Love, I thither go, and war I buoil and T Where they fing and dance, below; Let me, while I live, prepare; Let me banish ev'ry care.

The MISTAKE.

THEN on fair Celia I did fpy A wounded heart of stone. The wound had almost made me cry, Sure this heart was my own.

But when I saw it was enthron'd In her coeleftial breaft; O then, I it no longer own'd, For mine was ne'er fo bleft.

Yet if in highest heavens do shine Each constant martyr's heart; of polarities of will Then she may well give rest to mine, That for her fake doth fmart.

And our count of any Where, seated in so high a bliss, Though wounded, it shall live; Death enters not in paradife, The place free life doth give.

alke vicen ee haemenO Or if the place less facred were, at a properties 2010% Did but her faving eye manual arm guris alo but A Bathe my fick heart in one kind tear, it is a sent to a Then shou'd I never die. an political i medica ...

Slight balms may heal a slighter fore, s trail works or can W No med'cine less divine ter me levelly exist on Can ever hope for to restore A wounded heart like mine.

ON

Jaco See Hele

THE REPORT OF THE PARTY OF THE

On filver Tyber's vocal shore,

The fam'd Scarloti struck his lyre,

And strove, with charms unknown before,

The springs of tuneful sound t'explore,

Beyond what art alone could e'er inspire.

When see — the sweet essay to hear,

Venus with her son drew near;

And pleas'd to ask the master's aid,

The mother goddess, smiling, said,

Harmonious fon of Phoebus, feet and the Tis Love, its little Love I bring;
The queen of beauty fues to thee,
To teach her wanton boy to fing.

The pleas'd mufician heard with joy, And proud to teach th' immortal boy, Or and Did all his fongs, and heavenly skill impart:

The boy, to recompense his art,

Repeating, did each song improve,

And breath'd into his airs the charms of love;

And taught the master thus to touch the heart.

Love inspiring
Sounds persuading,
Makes his darts resplies fly:
Beauty aiding,
Arts inspiring,
Gives them wings to rise more high.

Planting to

Charles before the

. They work!

u Indertak

N vain have I labour'd the victor to prove I of a heart that can ne er give attendance to love; So hard to be done, with charted with a word had That nothing fo young attante to sent of adl' Cou'd e'er have refifted a paffion fo long.

When adver- the shoret-office wheat Yet nothing I left unattempted or faid, it is the left. That might soften the heart of this pitiless maid; A But fill the was thy and abboy fedican od? And wou'd, blufhing, deny, Whilst her willinger eyes gave her language the lye.

Fo Lave. We limit have I have Since, Phillis, my passion you vow to despise, Withdraw the false hopes from your flattering eyes: For whilft they inspire A refiftlefs vain fire, hand accommon bland out?

We shall grow to abhor, what we now do admire. Plate data Did all his longs, and heavenly skill trapfore.

Give than wing to rife more high and when he



The troy, to secondoring afti-

FAIR

Till

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The

REXUNDED ENDING

Ist. voice. F AIR Charina! wond rous fair!

What can with thy eyes compare?

2d. voice. Fair Charina! wond rous fair!

What can with thy lips compare?

Both. Every softer love is there.

Beauty's queen, thy eyes inspiring,
 Ever makes them charm the sight.

Beauty's queen, thy lips admiring,
 Ever views them with delight.

Twas near a fragrant myrtle grove,

By which the lift'ning Thames flow'd flow along,
Two young contending gods of love
Disputed thus in song;
Till much provok'd, and red'ning with disdain,
Each strove by turns in rival strain
The palm of beauty thus to gain:

- 1. Hide thy beams, thou god of light,
 Or take to other lands thy flight:
 See two brighter funs arifing;
 See Charina's eyes surprising;
 While they shine 'tis never night.
- 2. Return, o god of light, by thee,
 A thousand colours paint the clouds and groves,
 Yet none so fair in heaven or earth we see,
 As on Charina's lips the purple loves.

Vol. III.

S

Lovely

Lovely lips! that, bath'd in blifs,
Softly do each other kifs,
And such glowing sweets disclose?
Aurora doubly blushes nom;
When you appear, from every bough
Vanquish'd falls the drooping rose.

Such jarring praise the rival gods had given,
Till more enrag'd, each drew a dart,
Prepar'd to fight; when Venus swift from heaven
Came down, the little duellers to part.
Thus be it then, she says, agreed,
No more two features to compare
Of the same unequal'd fair,
But own that both all others do exceed.

Amorous youths, prepare to die

By this charmer's lips and eye.

Amorous youths, the danger fly.
 In this charmer's lips and eye.

1. From her eyes I'll shoot my darts.

2. With her lips I'll fleal your hearts.

Both. And in pleasing ambush lie.



CHERCASSER SANTE

ook where my dear Hamilla smiles,

Hamilla! heavenly charmer;

See how, with all their arts and wiles,

The loves and graces arm her.

A blush dwells glowing on her cheeks,

Fair seats of youthful pleasures;

There love in smiling language speaks,

There spreads his rosy treasures.

O faireft maid, I own thy power,
I gaze, I figh, and languish;
Yet, ever, ever will adore,
And triumph in my anguish.
But ease, o charmer, ease my care,
And let my torments move thee;
As thou art fairest of the fair,
So I the dearest love thee.



s in actor but on security fee

BACKERZEÜZERANNE

Tell me, Hamilla, tell me why,
Thou dost from him that loves thee run?
Why from his soft embraces fly,
And all his kind endearments shun?

So flies the fawn, with fear oppress,
Seeking its mother every where;
It starts at every empty blast,
And trembles when no danger's near.

And yet I keep thee but in view,
To gaze the glories of thy face;
Not with a hateful step pursue,
As age, to rise every grace.

Cease then, dear wildness, cease to toy,

But haste all rivals to outshine,

And, grown mature and ripe for joy,

Leave mamma's arms, and come to mine,



ENSTEDIES ENERGIBLENS

MENALCAS, once the gayest swain
On all Arcadia's happy plain,
Grown wise by cares,
And many years,
Thus to young Thirsis sung; but sung in vain.

Beware, my Thirsis, how you prove
The soft deluding ways of love;
Fly the artful, smiling fair;
Kind they'll seem, and then deceive you,
And to cruel anguish leave you,
Sharp repentance, and despair.

Soon, alas! the heedless youth
Forgot the long experienc'd truth;
Soon he fell a facrifice
To cruel Ernelinda's eyes;
Who thus infults the trembling prize.

Ah! simple boy, your boasted sense From mighty love is no defence; Since, unperceiv'd, the deity Can sire the soul from either eyes. The coldest heart resists in vain Beauty's inevitable chain.



THEN gay Philander fell a prize To Amoretta's conqu'ring eyes; He took his pipe, he fought the plain, Regardless of his growing pain, And resolutely bent to wrest The bearded arrow from his breaft:

Come, gentle gales, the shepherd cry'd, Be Cupid and his bow defy'd: But as the gales obsequious flew, With flow'ry fcents, and spicy dew, He did unknowingly repeat, The breath of Amoret is fweet.

His pipe again the shepherd try'd, And warbling nightingales reply'd: Their founds in rival measures move, And meeting eccho's charm the grove. His thoughts, that rov'd, again repeat, The voice of Amoret is sweet.

Since every fair and lovely view His thoughts of Amoret renew, He try'd once more: he chang'd the fcene From flow'ry lawn, and flady green, To prospects gloomy, wild and bare, (Sad change for him!) for fighing there, He thought of lovers in despair.

Convinc'd; the fad Philander cries,
Now, cruel god, affert thy prize,
For love its fatal empire gains;
Yet grant, in pity to my pains,
That when the story of my woes
These lines to Amoret disclose;
These lines the nymph may oft repeat,
And own Philander's lays are sweet.

R is E, Cloris, charming maid, arife!

And baffle breaking day;

Shew the adoring world thy eyes

Are more furprizing gay:

The gods of love are fmiling round,

And lead the bridegroom on;

And Hymen has the altar crown'd,

While all thy fighing lovers are undone.

To fee thee pass they throng the plain;
The groves with flowers are strown;
And every young and envying swain
Wishes the hour his own.
Rise then, and let the god of day,
When thou dost to the lover yield,
Behold more treasure given away,
Than he in his vast circle e'er beheld.

SHEET CREETED TO SHEET

The WATCH.

The heart of a lover's a watch always going;

For, tho' time be nimble, its motions

Are quicker,

And thicker

Where love hath its notions.

The great wheel is hope, on which moves defire; And these, the less orbs, fear and joy do inspire; The pendulum mind's evermore

A thinking, And clinking, And ne'er giving o'er.

Occasion, the hand, is still moving about,
Till by it the critical minute's found out;
And silence the case is, to cover
The kisses,
And blisses
Enjoy'd by each lover.



THE SERVENCE OF THE SERVE

T is not your beauty, nor your wit,
That can my heart obtain;
For they cou'd never conquer yet,
Either my breaft or brain:
For if you'll not prove kind to me,
And true as heretofore,
Henceforth I'll foorn your flave to be,
Nor dote upon you more.

Think not my fancy to o'ercome,
By proving thus unkind;
No smoothed sight, nor similing frown,
Can satisfy my mind:
Pray let Platonicks play such pranks,
Such follies I deride;
For love, at least, I will have thanks,
And something else beside.

Then open-hearted be with me,
As I shall be with you,
And let our actions be as free
As virtue will allow;
If you'll prove loving, I'll prove kind,
If true, I'll constant be;
If fortune chance to change your mind,
I'll turn as soon as ye.

Since our affections, well ye know, In equal terms do stand, 'Tis in your pow'r to love or no, Mine's likewise in my hand. Dispense with your austerity, Unconstancy abhor, Or, by great Cupid's deity, I'll never love you more.

I PR'YTHEE turn that face away,
Whose splendor but benights the day;
Sad eyes like mine, and wounded hearts,
Shun the bright rays which beauty darts;
Unwelcome is the man that pries.
Into those shades where forrow lies:
Go shine on happy things, to me
That blessing is a misery,
Whom thy sierce son, nor warms, but burns,
And like the sooty Indian turns;
I'll serve the night, and there consin'd,
Wish thee less fair, or else more kind.



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MATERIAL ENDINANT

On SILVIA Singing.

I HEARD, and I saw, and am throughly undone, She has doubled her charms, and will conquer us all; Tho', alas! I'm so frail, I needed but one,

The least of her glances had made me to fall: But so thick are the darts, which she scatters around, That Strephon, poor Strephon is all but one wound.

The charms of her face, and the charms of her voice,
For absolute ruin so siercely conspire
That the spark, first struck out by the dint of her eyes,
By the force of her breath is blown fatally high'r.
But Strephon is such, he the scorching ne'er blames,
For love's Salamander can revel in stames.



and the end of their Armania (1997)

reads the dated all

THILE Corydon, the lovely shepherd, try'd His tuneful flute, and charm'd the grove, The jealous nightingales, that strove To trace his notes, contending dy'd, At last he hears, within a myrtle shade, An eccho answer all his strain: Love stole the pipe of sleeping Pan, and play'd, Then with his voice decoys the lift'ning fwain.

Gay charmer, to befriend thee, Here pleasing scenes attend thee, O this way speed thy pace: If musick can delight thee, Or visions fair invite thee, This bower's the happy place.

The shepherd rose, he gaz'd around, And vainly fought the magick found; The wanton god his motion spies, Lays by the pipe, and shoots a dart Through Corydon's unwary heart, Then fmiling from his ambush flies; While in his room, divinely bright, The reigning beauty of the groves surpriz'd the shep-(herd's fight.

Who, from love his heart fecuring, Can avoid th' inchanting pain: Pleasure calls, with voice alluring, Beauty softly binds the chain.

COME,

H

Bu T

THE PROPERTY OF THE PARTY OF TH

OME, my Cella, let us prove, oldscorps odt of While we can, the sports of love; Time will not be ours for ever, He at length our good will fever; Spend not then his gifts in vain: " 17200 or onai? Suns that fet may rife again, the sale was the But if once we lose this light, we would guide M Tis with us perpetual night. Must the witty, fair, a Why shou'd we defer our joys? I am balanders and. Fame and rumour are but toys, and to spired on kind Cannot we delude the eyes Of a few poor houshold spies? 'Tis no fin love's fruits to fteal just with won list on W But the fweet thefts to reveale being our manner of To be taken, to be feen, addived no aveed him of V These have crimes accounted been. The warm has t



RETURNED TO SEE SEED TO SEE

To the agreeable Memory of Two Sisters, who lived and died together.

SILVIA, DELIA, fweetest pair,
Since no longer you are feen,
Dull is every wake and fair;
Nothing thrives but willow green,

Must the witty, fair, and good,
Die unheeded, with the throng;
And no Damon of the wood
With their names adorn his song.

Who shall now the garland wear,

To increase the pride of May?

Who shall crown our Christmas cheer,

And make winter's self look gay?

Who in wit shall gain the prize,

Tedious time and care beguile

With sweet tales and quick replies,

Make e'en age and forrow smile?

Who shall now the dances call
When the tuneful strings alarm,
And our hearts beat time to all,
E'ery step and look a charm?

Partition in his home with the

These are joys we once did know; But, alas! no more must prove: Who fuch angels were below, Now augment the choir above.

Lovely in their lives they were, In one fate together join'd; of which a had of Death to us was too fevere. De course boad air daw But to them was doubly kind, and no hand an hal

He found the fierce pleasure too halfly to they Had he took one charming maid, and his aid but A Not the world of both bereft, We, with truth, then might have faith and on mad W That there was her equal left. I a bus dan a driw She cry'd, oh my dear, I am robo'd of my bith;

I's leave me behind you and die all alone. LOE blush'd, and frown'd, and swore, The youth And push'd me rudely from her; I call'd her faithless jilting whore, and gardinard bath.

To talk to me of honour. Averaged the South yow, in dear,

But when I role, and wou'd be gone, the gra sib work. She cry'd; Nay, whither go ye? Young Damon, stay; now we're alone, marint and T Vill Allerra did t Do what you will with Clos. To recover new because, that again me Then often they dy'd; but the more they did to,



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The feare fors we once did know :

AND CONTROLL OF STATES OF

With his hand round her neck,
And his head on her breath,
He found the fierce pleasure too hasty to stay,
And his foul in the tempest just slying away.

When Celia faw this, adjust and district the With a figh, and a kifs, the region of the With a figh, and a kifs, the region of the With a figh, and a kifs, the region of the With a figh, and a kifs, the region of the With a figh, and a kifs, the region of the With a figh, and a kifs, the region of the With a figh, and a kifs, the region of the With a fight a kifs, the region of the With a fight a kifs, the region of the With a fight a kifs, the region of the With a fight a kifs, the region of the With a fight a kifs, the region of the With a figh, and a kifs, the region of the With a figh, and a kifs, the region of the With a figh, and a kifs, the region of the With a figh, and a kifs, the region of the With a figh, and a kifs, the region of the With a figh, and a kifs, the region of the With a figh, and a kifs, the region of the With a figh, and a kifs, the region of the With a figh, and a kifs, the region of the With a figh, and a kifs, the region of the With a figh, and a kifs, the region of the With a figh, and a kifs, the region of the With a fight a fight

The youth, tho in hafte, word has brind as I And breathing his last, In pity dy'd flowly, while she dy'd more fast; Till at length she cry'd—Now, my dear, now let us go, Now die, my Alexis, and I will die too.

Thus intranc'd they did lie, on wall and one of Till Alexis did try,

To recover new breath, that again he might die:

Then often they dy'd; but the more they did fo,

The nymph dy'd more quick, and the shepherd more (flow.

WHILST

Mary they am work a

4 T

AFTER

AND THE RESIDENCE OF THE PARTY OF THE PARTY

A FTER the pangs of a desperate lover,
When day and night I have fight all in vain,
Ah what a pleasure it is to discover too block and A
In her eyes pity, who causes my pain and a chool T

When with unkindness our love at a stand is,

And both have punish'd ourselves with the pain.

Ah what a pleasure the touch of her hand is!

Ah what a pleasure to press it again!

When the denial comes fainter and fainter,
And her eyes give what her tongue does deny,
Ah what a trembling I feel when I venture!
Ah what a trembling does ufter my joy!

When with a figh, the accords me the bleffing,
And her eyes twinkle twixt pleafure and pain;
Ah what a joy tis, beyond all expreffing!
Ah what a joy to hear—thall we again!



Maker labour and oams a delight;

T 3

SICH SERVICE STREET STREET

H All hail to the mystle shade,
All hail to the nymphs of the fields;
Kings wou'd not here invade
Those pleasures that virtue yields.
Chor. Beauty here opens her arms,
To soften the languishing mind;
And Phillis unlocks her charms;
Ah Phillis! ah why so kind?

Phillis, thou foul of love,

Thou joy of the neighbouring swains;

Phillis, that crowns the grove,

And Phillis that gilds the plains.

Chor. Phillis, that ne'er had the skill

To paint; to patch, and be fine;

Yet Phillis, mbose eyes can kill,

Whom nature had made divine.

Phillis, whose charming song
Makes labour and pains a delight;
Phillis that makes the day young,
And shortens the live-long night.
Chor. Phillis, whose lips like May,
Still laughs as the sweets that they bring;
Where love never more decay,
But sets with eternal spring.

BKOKO WOKO WOKO

H! fading joy, how quickly art thou past? Normal Yet we thy ruin hafte; brook many As if the cares of human life were few, and most are We feek out new: and statishit sash sold And follow fate, which wou'd too fast pursue, we to " My forcet foul discover See how on every bough the birds express, In their fweet notes, their happiness. They all enjoy, and nothing spare; many release all But on their mother nature lay their care: Why then shou'd man, the lord of all below, Such troubles chuse to know, As none of all his subjects undergo? Hark, hark, the waters fall, fall, fall, of and do to I And with a murmuring found and a house a sent ? Dash, dash upon the grounds bar dad as the tail' To gentle flumbers call, andinged glid in od

Thy every look, and every grace, and excess really

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HOLDER STREET

A n, the shepherd's mournful fate!

When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish;

To bear the scornful fair one's hate,

Nor dare disclose his anguish;

Yet eager looks, and dying sighs,

My secret soul discover;

While rapture, trembling through my eyes,

Reveals how much I love her;

The tender glance, the red'ning cheek,

O'erspread with rising blushes,

A thousand various ways they speak

A thousand various wishes.

Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling.

That arties blush, and modest air,
So artfully beguiling!

Thy every look, and every grace,
So charms when-e'er I view thee,

Till death o'ertake me in the chase,
Still will my hopes pursue thee;
Then when my tedious hours are past,
Be this last blessing given,
Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
And die in fight of heaven.

N Kent, so fam'd of old, Near by the pleafant Knold, A fwain a goddess told An amorous story; Saying, In these jarring days, When kings contend for bays, Your love my foul doth raife y a difficult express lying Above its glory.

Durana crytt, all pale and dyin My life, my lovely dear, of you class with there as broke Whilst you are smiling here, or at here! I sell from the The plants and flowers appear

Most fweetly charming; The fun may cease to shine. And all its powers refign, Your eyes dart rays divine. All nature warming.

Then leaning on her breaft, He claset her levely waist, . The part you Wester od W With words endearing preft,

By a difinal cyprels lying biam gnifuld the By Thus, fighing, to him faid, wh and anot a mout a said. My toolish heart's betray di the short stall strop at brill By words to charming may in 5 vol I but lauro and

The modly fountains Murmur my woolde, And hollow mountains My greens redouble. Every nythigh prouins mic, Thus while I blund and T

She leli moo his arran

rations full experimen

No thought of harming sud san gainteness ovel oN

She only feetns me.

remote anotoms and Seving, In theft jurcing

Your ever dare rays divine.

With words codessing well

extension course i.k.

Near by there was a grove, A proper place for love, To which this couple move, Alike defiring; She fell into his arms, t a Kent, to find a field And faid, Take all my charms, and add well a Love beats his last alarms, blooms in a gradual A I'm just expiring.

Year love my foul-doth rail By a difmal cypress lying, Kind is death, that ends my pain, I wow you said with But cruel the I lov'd in vain. of smittan one boy shirt!

The plants and slowers adject The mosly fountains Mod iweetly charming; Murmur my trouble, The tim may cent to taige. And hollow mountains And all its powers retigns. My groans redouble, Every nymph mourns me, Thus while I languish; Then leaning on her break, She only fcorns me, Who caus'd my anguish. Aliant glovel and squale ski

No love returning me, but all hope denying out on By a difinal cypress lying, them per thate out daidw a Like a fwan fo fung he dying: min of maifait and Kind is death that ends my pain, and stoud distort all But cruel the I lov'd in vain. gramesto of abrow 18

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I BURN,

THE REPORT OF THE PARTY OF THE

I BURN, my brain confumes to affect.

Each eye-ball too like lightning flashes:

Within my breast there glows a solid fire,

Which in a thousand ages can't expire.

Blow the winds, great ruler, blow;
Bring the Po and the Ganges hither,
'Tis fultry weather;
Pour them all on my foul,
It will hifs like a coal,
But be never the cooler.

'Twas pride, hot as hell,
That first made me rebel;
From love's awful throne
A curs'd angel I fell:
And mourn now my fate,
Which my felf did create;
Fool, fool, that consider'd not when I was well.

Adieu, transporting joys;
Off ye vain fantastick toys,
That dress this face and body to allure:
Bring me daggers, poison, fire,
Since scorn is turn'd into desire,
All hell feels not the rage, which I, poor I, endure.

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Dam. CELIMENA, of my heart

None shall e'er bereave you;

If with your good leave I may

Quarrel with you once a-day,

I will never leave you.

Celim. Passion's but an empty name,
Where respect is wanting:
Damon, you mistake your aim,
Hang your heart, and burn your slame,
If you must be ranting.

And refines it by degrees,

Till it works the quicker.

Celim. Love by quarrels to beget
Wifely you endeavour,
With a grave physician's wit,
Who to cure an ague-fit,
Put me in a fever.

Dam. Anger rouzes love to fight,
And his only bait is;
Tis the four to dull delight,
And is but an eager bite,
When defire at height is.

ELLES

Celim. If fuch drops of heat can fall In our wooing weather, If fuch drops of heat can fall, We shall have the devil and all When we come together.

ET business no longer usurp your high mind, But to dalliance give way, and to pleasures be kind; Let business to-morrow, to-morrow imploy, But to day the fhort bleffing let's closely enjoy: Let's frolick below, till they hear us above; To Cafar we'll fing, to Cafar and Love; nov said aud'T

t usu not radier than the morning

From business we'll ramble, like bridegrooms unbrac'd; And furfeit on pleasures which others but taste. We'll laugh till we weep on the breast of the fair, And the tears that we fled shall the trespals repair. We'll vow that below we but act those above, van bak Who never repent, yet are always in love.



Her michin A Smult with We fluit have the devil and all

Colins. It is in drops of heat can tall Colony of the Cartiell Colon

An Epithalamium.

Bush not redder than the morning,
Tho' the virgins gave you warning;
Sigh not at the chance befel ye,
Though they smile and dare not tell ye.

Maids, like turtles, love the cooing,
Bill and murmur in their wooing;
Thus, like you, they flart and tremble,
And their troubled joys diffemble.

Grasp the pleasure while 'tis coming:

Though your beauties now are blooming,

Time at last your joys will sever,

And they'll part, they'll part for ever.

had what an arthur

Commission by institute, to be elect



CHERCASSERVATE

The Apvice.

The lass that wou'd know how to manage a man,
Let her listen, and learn from me,
His courage to quell, or his heart to trepan,
As the time and occasions agree.

The girl that has beauty, tho' small be her wit,
May wheedle the clown, or the beau:
The rake may repel; or may draw in the cit
By the use of that pretty word—no.

When the powder'd tupées in crowds round her chat, Each striving his passion to show; With kiss me, and love me, my dear, and all that,

Let her answer be still, no, no, no.

When a dose is contriv'd to lay virtue asleep,
A present, a treat, or a ball;
She still must refuse, if her empire she'd keep,
And no—be her answer to all.

But when master dapper-wit offers his hand, Her partner in wedlock to go; A house, and a coach, and a jointure in land,

She's an idiot if then the fays no.

within that would know

year oder of T

a alu ods ya

When e'er she's attack'd by a youth full of charms, Whole courtship proclaims him a man; When prest to his bosom, and clasp'd in his arms, Then let her fay no if she can.

W H o can refist my Celia's charms? Her beauty wounds, her wit difarms; When these their mighty forces join, What heart's fo flrong but must refign?

Love feems to promife in her eyes A kind and lafting age of joys: But have a care, their treason shun; I look'd, believ'd, and was undone. When the powder

Laca driving In vain a thousand ways I strive To keep my fainting hopes alive; bon on his day Let her amirer My love can never find reward, Since pride and honour are her guard.



When

RSHEEMEND EEFENDERS P.

HE fages of old The fages of old

In prophecies told

The cause of a nation's undoing; But our new English breed, or stild add there o'T No prophecies need, we find a ground of the For each man here feeks his own ruin. By grumbling and jars To all from theel. We promote civil wars, And preach up false tenets to many; We fnarl and we bite would subject states with Those toward of the mine! We rail and we fight For religion; yet no man has any. Then him let's commend, my has rader of every? That's true to his friend; backet to consider at And the church and the senate would fettle; god 15, we Who delights not in blood, 25 and Saus on the tod But draws when he shou'd. To fee us free And, bravely, stands brunt to the battle: anuolas more O jealousie! &cc. Who rails not at kings, Nor politick things, soid the sing yet ai alley Nor treason does talk when he's mellow; out the street But takes a full glass come to but our pod 1 To his country's fuccess that thrud and and and This, this is the honest brave fellow.

STARTER LEVEL SHORE

What state of life can be so blest
As love, that warms a lover's breast?
Two souls in one, the same defire
To grant the bliss, and to require:
But if in heav'n a hell we find,
Tis all from thee,
O jealousie!
Thou tyrant, tyrant jealousie,
Thou tyrant of the mind!

All other ills, the that they prove,

Serve to refine and perfect love:

In absence, or unkind disdain,

Sweet hope relieves the lover's pain:

But ah! no cure but death we find.

To set us free from jealousie:

From jealousie:

Just de discreption de death we find.

O jealousie! &c.

False in thy glass all objects are, is solving to M
Some set too pear, and some too far. and make it of the Thou art the fire of endless night, and are that burns, and gives no light and of the that burns, and gives no light and art of the that burns, and gives no light and art of the that burns, and gives no light are and of the that burns are the that

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Lo

All torments of the damn'd we find in only thee, O jealouse!
Thou tyrant, tyrant jealousie,
Thou tyrant of the mind.

THERE is one dark and fullen hour.

Which fate decrees our lives thou'd know;

Else we shou'd slight th' almighty power,

Wrapt in the joy we find below:

"Tis past; dear Cynthia, now let frowns begone,

Who wou'd include the common :

A long long penance Lehave done, good book bak. For crimes, alas! to me unknown.

In each foft hour of filent night has been a ready line.

Your image in my dream appears,

I grafp the foul of my delight,

Slumber in joys, but wake in cears.

Ah! faithless, charming faint, what will you do?

Let me not think I am by you we gain had a delight.

Lov'd less for being true.



BRUTAN

CHENCES & CONTRACTOR

AINST keepers we petition,
Who wou'd inclose the common:

Tis enough to raife fedition In the free-born subject, woman;

Because for his gold that shall become a sale

He thinks I'm a flave for my life; and hard aw and

He fwaggers and fwears, water o rach that a T

And wou'd keep me as bare as his wife.

Gainst keepers we petition, &c.

"Tis honest and fair, in the tip the days in

That a feaft I prepare; pro vio ni spirmi mov

But when his dull appetite's o'er, to luot sait clary !

I'll treat with the reft is sud even in redent?

Some welcomer guelt, spiritude its dan't !dA

President Pagettin, the Course

O SANDARA LAKO

GAINST

For the reckining was paid me before it ton are to.1



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Ah Blaste And in th Seize,

Are be Where Where Seize,

MAG

Lov'd less for being true.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PROPERTY OF

Charges per free, in our epinion

Youth and beauty both conspiring, and who Youth and beauty both conspiring.

Envious time about thee watching, we beauty had and some grace each moment catching; and a stall we seize, Clariffa, seize occasion, we will appear and and comply with kind persuation.

Whilst I'm with you fondly pleading.

See the ravage I was dreading!

Lo! fleet time, relentless, mowing

Virgin beauties, as they're growing!

Seize, Clarissa, &c.

Ah! the cheeks, like roles blooming,
Blasted, soon will be confirming;
And the eyes, so bright and shining,
In their beamy life declining!
Seize, Clarissa, &c.

Golden hairs, so late our wonder,

Are become the tyrant's plunder.

Where, ah! where the lips, like rubies?

Where the gently heaving bubbies?

Seize, Clarissa, &c.

Charms yet free, in our opinion,
Soon will die in time's dominion!
Wou'd you fome fhou'd 'kape the ruin?
Use then those that I am wooing.
Seize, Clarissa, &c.

Only that, at prefent tasted, which has a read Never can, by time, be wasted:

All his speed will ne'er recover, work and another What is granted to a lover some dead at a smoother Then, Clarissa, seize occasion, to a see a smoother And comply with kind persuasion, and a require that

Think'st thou, coy fair, I shall not laugh my turn?

mitality is an own in we not flish

Legallands sate I operate the to

Or shou'dst thou ever chance to pay
Thy love and my vain hope away
To some dull soul, that cannot know
The worth of what thou dost bestow;
Wilt thou not late thy felf, remorfeful, find.
To me long cruel, or to him soon kind?



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Sign Clarity we.

Willia reconcilement controls at

BUTCHES DE BUTCHES

A H! Syren charmer, turn again,
You hide your face, from me, in vain.
Already, I've receiv'd my fate,
And now, to fave me, 'tis too late!

The love, that darted from your eyes,
My heart has taken, by furprife:
And, tho' you turn, and fly away,
He'll revel here, both night and day.

Alas! nor stratagem, nor force,

Can, from my breast, his pow'r divorce.

No claim of yours, on him, can be

So strong, as that he owns from me.

What is his shadow, in your fight, and add all add all



But thall again our pleafure have an each

FTER dire hurricanes at fea, ported work ! H. How failors blefs a calm retreat! 1007 stid noy A How fweet their fon's return must be To mother's, whole unceating tears, it or went he And eloquence of earnest pray'rs, Their absence mourn'd, and melted stabborn fate. As been less inken, by lings to

So, after tedious hours are palsid and anathor toda but By lovers, whom late jars disjoin'd, on one level l'off Wish'd reconcilement comes at last.

With double charms of bleft relief starf ion tank To put an end to painful grief, and you med and And make their joys more rapt'rous and refin'd. so from as that he owns from me.

Such was, and is, our mutual cafe, Clariffa, (fo the fates ordain'd) if would in a set W What pangs we fuffer'd all the space Our variance lasted! How fincered in the state of The joy our fouls, writed, there! well and and add But shall again our pleasure have an end!



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WHEN passions, ungovern'd by reason and art,
And joys, in idea, transported my heart,
O how I delighted in lonely retreats!
Where the loves and the muses had chosen their seats.

There oft was I wont the long day to consume, In wishing, and promising pleasures to come: But wishes and promises then were in vain; For youth was to me the sad season of pain.

Afflicted with forrows of various fort,

I hated diversions, and irksome grew sport;

The only poor solace my life cou'd possess,

Was in imaginations and dreams of success.

Sometimes to alleviate the weight of my woe.

I sip'd of the streams that from Helicon slow:
But musick and poetry soften'd my heart,
Cou'd never content, and but seldom divert.

O'erwhelm'd with diffress, and nigh to de pair,
I, resolute, travell'd to breathe a new air;
In search of relief to my turbulent mind,
Left kindred and country, and business behind.

But, ah, cou'd a stranger, unsriended and poor, Expect what he sought for wou'd come in an hour? Improv'd was my anguish, redoubled my pain, And trav'lling, like all other comforts, prov'd vain.

Vol. III.

Yet patient and wiser I grew by degrees, And learnt due submission to eternal decrees. My passions subjected to reason's controul, I found satisfaction break in on my soul.

And, first, to my wish, did I meet with a friend, Who knew the world well, and right counsel cou'd lend, Brave, gen'rous and witty, good-humour'd and free, Just, prudent, polite, and obliging to me.

In his conversation, I sensibly found My suff'rings with portion of happiness crown'd. Oh! thought I, now nothing remains to compleat My bliss, but a nymph, soft, gay, and discreet.

I found one with beauty, good-humour, and wit,
Whose manners and conduct my fancy did sit;
The least of her sex by folly misled,
The kindest companion, and true to my bed.

What more that I wish'd-for remains unbestow'd But same and a fortune above the dull crowd?

They are granted, and nothing is now to be done,
But to make a right use of the happiness won.

Then far from the town, and the court I'll repair, Accompany'd with my dear friend and my fair;

My last scene of life in sweet solitude lay,

Prepare for next world, and steal gently away.



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THE SECOND PROPERTY OF THE PARTY OF THE PART

UPON Clarinda's panting breaft
The happy Strephonlay;
With love and beauty jointly preft
To pass the time away.
Fresh raptures of transporting love
Have struck his senses dumb;
He envies not the powers above,
Nor all the joys to come.

As painful bees abroad do rove,

To fitch their treafures home;

So Strephon rov'd the fields of love,

To fill her honey-comb:

Her ruby lips he kift and preft,

From whence all joys derive;

Then, humming round her fnowy breaft,

Strait crept into her hive.



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Thou art so fair and cruel too, I am amaz'd what I shall do To compais my defire: Sometimes thy eyes do me invite, But when I venture, kill me quite; Yet still increase my fire.

I still have thoughts my love to quell, ci trai set ili di And all its furies to repel, Since I no hope can find; But when I think of leaving thee, My heart as much doth torture me, As 'twould rejoice if kind. To fill her hoper

the oil out your cold I still must love, tho' hardly us'd; From whence all jo And never proffer'd but refus'd; Can any fuffer more? I michage salmand mal? Be coy, be cruel, do, oh! do thy worft; Tho' for thy fake I am accurft, I must and will adore.



The

CHURA CONTRACTOR OF THE SECOND STATES

The COMPLAINT.

THE fun was funk beneath the hill,
The western cloud was lin'd with gold;
The sky was clear, the wind was still,
The slocks were penn'd within the fold:
When in the silence of the grove
Poor Damon thus despair'd of love.

Who feeks to pluck the fragrant rose
From the hard rock, or oozy beech;
Who from each weed that barren grows
Expects the grape, or downy peach,
With equal faith may hope to find
The truth of love in womankind.

No flocks have I, or fleecy care,
No fields that wave with golden grain,
Nor pastures green, or gardens fair,
A woman's venal heart to gain;
Then all in vain my fighs must prove,
Whose whole estate, alas! is love.

How wretched is the faithful youth,

Since womens hearts are bought and fold?

They ask no vows of facred truth;

Whene'er they figh, they figh for gold:

Gold can the frowns of fcorn remove—

Thus I am fcorn'd—who have but love.

To buy the gems of India's coast

What wealth, what riches wou'd suffice?

Yet India's shore cou'd never boast

The lustre of thy rival eyes;

For there the world too cheap must prove,

Can I then buy? — who have but love.

Oh, Silvia, fince nor gems nor ore

Can with thy brighter felf compare,

Be just, as fair, and value more,

Than gems and ore a heart fincere:

Let treasure meaner beauties move;

Who pays thy worth, must pay in love.

Can life be a bleffing,
Can life be a bleffing, if love were away?
Ah no! tho' our love all night keep us waking,
And though he torments us with cares all the day,
Yet he fweetens, he fweetens our pains in the taking,
There's an hour at the last, there's an hour to repay.

In every possessing
The ravishing blessing,
In every possessing the fruit of our pain,
Poor lovers forget long ages of anguish,
Whate'er they have suffer'd and done to obtain,
"Tis a pleasure, a pleasure to sigh and to languish,
When we hope, when we hope to be happy again,

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SHEET CES ES CESTERNAS

In country quarters still confin'd,
From Berwick I do write;
Why can't my body, like my mind,
To Silvia take its flight?
Oh, Silvia, if a wish cou'd do,
My soul shou'd quarter soon with you.

Whilst I stay here my love-sick heart
With you is left behind;
Alas! why shou'd our bodies part,
Since both our souls are join'd?
My body to my prince is due;
My soul its orders takes from you.

My blooming hopes of seeing you.

Are wither'd in their prime;

Confin'd to stay for a review;

Oh, why was this the time!

For what's a dull review to me,

If Silvia is not there to see.

When heavy beat of dull tator

Commands the foldier home;

The hopes I have to dream on your desired to an index to dream on your desired to an index of Next morning with the Reveille, of the will not need to a long to a long

SEMPLE SEMPLE SEMPLE CARMENCE

O F all the mighty powers above,
First Damon su'd to that of love;
And fondly begg'd a nymph to find,
Both fair, and constant, to his mind,
The little god, with waggish ear,
Heard all, but granted half the pray'r.
A fair inconstant, Damon found;
She chain'd him fast, then left him bound.

In hopes his freedom to retrieve,
Since charming Cloe cou'd deceive,
Young Damon Bacchus, next, address'd,
And pray'd to drive her from his breast.
The jolly god the dose apply'd,
But Damon's love its force defy'd:
The more he drunk, the more he found
That wine inflam'd, not heal'd his wound.

To Phaebus, then, he thus complains:
With mulick's charms unbind my chains,
Or make my Cloe faithful prove;
For what can love reward, but love?
But, in foft notes, he try'd in vain,
To ease his mind and sooth his pain,
For when the swain his lyre had strung,
He thought on Cloe, whilst he sung.

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At last young Damon try'd if Mars,
Wou'd take his love, or life, in wars;
But, on the march, and in the fight,
False Cloe's ever in his sight,
With setter'd heart, what can he do?
His body's made a captive too.
Thus, doubly bound, he makes his moan.
And begs relief of her alone.

Call me not false because I strove,

To cure my own, or fix thy love.

Cease to be jealous of three gods,

Since, still, in spite of all the odds,

My Cloe's charms more pow'rful prove,

Than all the deities above.

Your chains, with pleasure, let me wear,

However those of state I bear.

O F all joys we e'er posses,

Love and wine are still the best:

Sweetly they by turns controul,

Wine the heart, and love the foul;

Wealth and power strive in vain

Equal happiness to gain;

Wine superior joy does prove,

And in sober seasons love.

Of all joys we e'er posses,

Love and wine are still the best.

100

But tound her flock of impocence.

BENEACE ENDEDRAGE

Pulle Clos's ever he his light.

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W 1 T H virtues, loves, and graces join'd,
Not Eve in Eden e'er she sin'd,
Clariss's various charms outshin'd,
And rais'd more admiration.
Her stature, shape, her mien and air,
Her bosom, breasts, her neck and hair,
Her eyes so bright, and face so fair,
Are fraughted with temptation.

Ye fages, fay, by flesh and blood,
How can such beauties be withstood?
What hermit wou'd not, if he cou'd,
To wantonness persuade her?
But round her stock of innocence,
The slaming swords of wit and sense,
Turn every way, in her defence,
Against the bold invader.

O fairest of the fairest kind,
Thou perfect person, purest mind,
Behold an amorous swain resign'd.
Entire to your devotion.
My passion's bound thy virtue's slave!
No lawless boon I'll dare to crave,
Nor indiscreetly misbehave,
Tho' all my foul's in motion.

MTIW

Yet, whilft I melt in tender fighs,
O let foft pity meet my eyes,
And gently treat the facrifice
Your charms have made fo willing.
While due decorum I maintain,
O kindly use your love-fick fwain;
Sustain my hopes, however vain,
For frowns from you were killing.

Then, thus in facred friendship blest,
Shall each one find in one's own breast
A pleasure, not to be exprest,
Nor felt by foolish rovers.
How gently then will life decay,
And time unheeded steal away
In conversation good and gay,
Becoming virtuous lovers?



By whom the eventure is chiefen in

When Hower was headlest discine

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CHEMINDED CHEMINS IN

Sit release of class I tilding stay

You cleane they made to willing

A way with forrow and whining—
Your rival is mighty, 'tis true:
But can there be reason, in pining,
While the fair is constant to you?

What tho' she's in midst of danger,
Virtue's the shield of her heart;
No slatt'ry, no threats, can change her,
Who's proof against terror, and art.

The honest, the innocent, lover

May rest, or travel, unarm'd.

What creature will venture to move her,

By whom the creation is charm'd?

When Horace was heedless straying, In his Sabinian grove, A wolf, intent upon preying, Pass'd by, and did homage to love.

DE MANAGER OF SERVICES

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KANTEN STREKT

How difinal's the lover's condition,
When cruelty governs the fair?
When the proper, the only, physician,
Insults o'er her servant's despair?
His suff'rings afford her a pleasure,
Increasing, the more he complains;
The more that he doats on his treasure,
The faster she binds him in chains.

Refiftless, all-conquering, creature!
Disdain not to cure what you cause:
O prove not a rebel to nature,
Nor laugh at love's sovereign laws.
Against your own self it is treason
To torture a heart, that is thine:
My heart is your own; and what reason
That the pain shou'd longer be mine?

Yet deep, tho' the darts of your beauty

Have wounded the heart of your swain,

I think it both pleasure and duty,

To court and to suffer the pain.

Delightful's the true lover's anguish,

In craving, it ever contents!

"Tis torture to pine and to languish,

But pleases the while it torments,

Keneyess of a second a

West thou but my own thing,
I wou'd love thee, I wou'd love thee:
West thou but my own thing,
How dearly wou'd I love thee?

As round the elm th' enamour'd vine

Delights, with wanton arms, to twine,

So I'd encirle thee in mine,

And shew how well I love thee.

Wert thou but &c.

This earth my paradife shou'd be,

I'd grasp a heav'n of joys in thee,

For thou art all thy sex to me,

So fondly do I love thee.

Wert thou but &c.

Shou'd thunder roar its loud alarms,
Amidst the class of hostile arms,
I'd softly sink among thy charms,
And only live to love thee.

Wert thou but, &c.

Let fortune drive me far away,

Or make me fall to foes a prey,

My flame for thee shall ne'er decay,

And, dying, I will love thee.

Wert thou but &c.

Tho'

Tho' I were number'd with the dead, My foul shou'd hover round thy head; I may be turn'd a filent shade, But never cease to love thee.

CHASE me not away, my fair;
Let love have gentler fate;
More mild wou'd death to me appear,
Than Mariana's hate.
So foft, so pow'rful are your charms,
In vain I'd strive to fly;
Then, let me live, in your dear arms,
Or, in your presence die.

The others melt, when I complain,
My fate hangs on your will;
O'er me, so absolute you reign,
None else can save, or kill.
Drawn by your influence, I return,
And rather chuse t'expire
Amidst the slames, by which I burn,
Than waste in distant fire.

rarvaa |



REPUBLICATION OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY

A s, when on mountain-heads,
With fudden spring of light,
The sun his splendor spreads
And blinds the dazled sight;
From Mariana's eyes
Love throws a slashing dart,
That wounds, with gay surprise.
And sesters in the heart.

At dead of night, when care
Forfakes each tortur'd breaft,
I, only, thro' despair,
Am barr'd from gentle rest.
When morning beams dispel
The gloomy shades of night,
Redoubled is my hell,
While others reap delight.

At noon, when day's enthron'd,

My forrows grow intense;

Nor is my case bemoan'd

When silent hours commence.

Then hasten, friendly death,

And ease me of my woe—

Who wou'd not yield his breath,

When love's declar'd his foe?

I GENTLY touch'd her hand, she gave
A look, that did my soul enslave;
I prest her rebel-lips, in vain,
They rose up to be prest again.
Thus happy, I no further meant,
Than to be pleas'd, and innocent.

On her foft breafts my hand I laid, And a quick light impression made; They with a kindly warmth did glow, And swell'd, and seem'd to over-slow. Yet, trust me, I no further meant, Than to be pleas'd, and innocent.

On her eyes my eyes did stay,
O'er her smooth limbs my hands did stray;
Each sense was ravish'd with delight,
And my soul stood prepar'd for slight;
Blame me not, if, at last, I meant,
More to be pleas'd, than innocent.



(Like pumped) We Lessens on

PATRICES

SERCORRESPONDED HONORIC

DRINCES that rule, and empire fway, How transitory is their state! Sorrows their glories do allay, And richest crowns have greatest weight.

The mighty monarch treason fears, Ambitious thoughts within him rave; His life's all discontent and cares, And he at best is but a slave. with a show would

Vainly we think with fond delight To ease the burden of our cares; Each grief a fecond does invite, And forrows are each other's heirs.

F you fue to Venalia to grant you the bleffing, Like Fove, in gold court her, or vain's your addressing; For the fays, that love nought but what's gen'rous infpires, And therefore rich tokens of love the requires.

or committee and the sound decomplete the

Such fuitors as nothing but love have to give her, (Like pennyless ghosts at the Stygian river, To Elysium a passage deny'd by old Charon) Eternal attendance may dance on the fair-one.

Land here in it

CHOME DECKE

The forfaken Mistress.

Phil. TELL me, gentle Strephon, why
You from my embraces fly?
Does my love thy love destroy;
Tell me, I will yet be coy?

Stay, o stay, and I will feign
(Though I break my heart) disdain;
But, lest I too unkind appear,
For ev'ry frown I'll shed a tear.

And if in vain I court thy love;
Let mine, at least, thy pity move:
Ah! while I scorn, vouchfafe to wooe;
Methinks you may dissemble too.

Str. Ah! Phillis, that you cou'd contrive

A way to keep my love alive;

But all your other charms must fail,

When kindness ceases to prevail.

Alas! no less than you, I grieve; My dying flame has no reprieve; For I can never hope to find, Shou'd all the nymphs I court be kind;

SuC

One beauty able to renew

Those pleasures I enjoy'd in you,

When love and youth did both conspire

To fill our breasts and veins with fire.

Tis true, some other nymph may gain That heart which merits your disdain; But second love has still allay, . The joys grow aged, and decay.

Then blame me not for losing more
Than love and beauty can restore:
And let this truth thy comfort prove,
I wou'd, but can no longer love.

bod IVI assort prive soit

Sypt was I may not it bad

Lave these useless arts in loving,
Seeming anger, and distain;
Trust to nature, gently moving;
Nature never pleads in vain:
Nothing guides a lover's passion
Like the fair one's inclination.



MOMENTAL BOOK

I SIGH'D, and own'd my love;

Nor did the fair my passion disapprove!

A soft engaging air,

Not often apt to cause despair,

Declar'd she gave attention to my prayer;

She seem'd to pity my distress,

And I expected nothing less

Than what her every look did then confess.

But, oh! her change destroys
The charming prospect of my promis'd joys;
She's robb'd, she's robb'd of every grace,
That argu'd pity in her face,
And cold forbidding frowns supply their place;
But while she strives to chill desire,
Her brighter eyes such warmth inspire,
She checks the slame, but cannot quench the fire.

The time of love made the south

But now her breach of thith facutore an

Ancient Phillis has young graces,
'Tis a strange thing, but a true one;
Shall I tell you how?

She herself makes her own faces,
And each morning wears a new one;
Where's the wonder now?

HENERE RESERVED AND THE

I was foretold, your rebel fex
Nor love nor pity knew;
And with what fcorn you use to vex
Poor hearts that humbly sue;
Yet I believ'd, to crown our pain,
Cou'd we the fortress win,
The happy lover sure shou'd gain
A paradise within:
I thought love's plagues like dragons sate,

I thought love's plagues like dragons fate, Only to fright us at the gate.

But I did enter, and enjoy

What happy lovers prove;

For I cou'd kifs, and fport, and toy,

And tafte those sweets of love;

Which had they but a lafting state,

Or if in Celia's breast

The force of love might not abate,

Jove were too mean a guest.

But now her breach of faith far more

Afflicts, than did her scorn before.

Hard fate! to have been once possess,
As victor, of a heart,
Atchiev'd with labour and unrest,
And thence forc'd to depart.

LAVE

Fool muchanits sie, to move

But, fince the flaves revolved are And turn'd into a flate

If the stout foe will not resign

When I besiege a town,

I lose but what was never mine;

But he that is cast down

From enjoy'd beauty, feels a woe

Only deposed kings can know.

R ICHEST gift of lavish nature,
Matchless darling of my heart,
Ah! too dear, too charming creature,
You on earth a heaven impart:
Rapt in pleasures past expressing,
I with bliss almost expire;
Cou'd we still be thus possessing,
Gods, who wou'd your state desire!

Kindling glances, quick'ning kisses,

That like time so soon are past;

Crowding joys, too eager blisses,

Still, renewing, may you last:

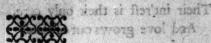
Nor, by a fantastick fashion,

Being lawful please the less;

But may I indulge my passion,

Blest in none but her I bless.

TELL



It she first for will not relien

that he charts out down

Still renewing may you laft:

ELL me no more of flames in love, That common dull pretence Fools in romances use, to move Soft hearts of little fense: No, Strephon, I'm not fuch a flave Love's banish'd power to own; Since intrest and convenience have So long usurp'd his throne. The son such oce IdA-You on carrid a honory dampart:

No burning hope, or cold despair, a manufacture of total Dull groves, or purling streams, ibut a dild drive I Sighing, and talking to the air, and ad life and bood In love's fantaffick dreams, wor how on wabot Can move my pity or my hate; But fatyrift I'll prove, A arma kamp sooning gondrid!
And all ridiculous create That shall pretend to love. 1985 oor avoi pribate O

Love was a monarch once, 'tis true, included a vd now! And god-like rul'd alone; il shi sigale hiswal parisa And though his fubjects were but few, Their hearts were all his owned and smon ai theid But, fince the flaves revolted are, And turn'd into a state. Their int'rest is their only care, And love grows out of date.

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WHEN THE WAR WAS TO SHOW THE WAY THE WAY TO SHOW THE WAY THE W

Tell me, Miranda, why shou'd I

Lament and languish, pine and die?

While you, regardless of my pain,

Seem pleas'd to hear your slave complain.

Dame Eve, unskill'd in female arts,
And modern ways of tort'ring hearts,
No fooner faw her fpark than lov'd,
Confess'd her flame, and his approv'd.

Nature still breaks through all disguise,
Glows in your cheeks, and rules your eyes:
Love trembles in your hands and heart,
Your panting breasts proclaim his dart.

No more, Miranda, then be coy,
No longer keep us both from joy;
No longer fludy to conceal
What all your actions thus reveal.



REVERSE PROPERTY

HOPELESS I languish out my days,
Struck with Urania's conquering eyes;
The wretch at whom she darts these rays
Must feel the wound until he dies.

Though endless be her cruelty,

Calling her beauties to my mind,

I bow beneath her tyranny,

And dare not murmur, she's unkind.

Reason this tameness does upbraid,

Proff'ring to arm in my defence;

But, when I call her to my aid,

She's more a traitor than my sense.

No fooner I the war declare,
But strait her succour she denies;
And, joining forces with the fair,
Confirms the conquest of her eyes.

Hoggin



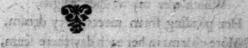
BLYTH was I each morn to fee My fwain come o'er the hill, He leap'd the brook, and flew to me; Ife met him with good will.

I neither wanted yew nor lamb, When his flocks near me lay; He gather'd in my sheep at night, And cheer'd me all the day.

He tun'd his pipe and play'd fo fweet, The birds fat liftning by; And the dull cattle stood and gaz'd, Charm'd with his melody.

He did oblige me every hour; Cou'd I but grateful be? He won my heart; cou'd I refuse Whate'er he ask'd of me?

Hard fate that I must banish'd be-Go heavily and mourn, Caufe I oblig'd the kindest swain That ever yet was born.



PROJECT OF THE PROJECT OF

G o, happy paper, doubly bleft, If not too great to be exprest, and all the state of the Tell her the pain I feel. hoog drive and page of Tell her how raging is my flame, Too exquisite to bear ! A Total Was latter to bear ! But fay not how, nor whence you came, it will be a seed of Nor speak one letter of my name, we at his bear all Left it may grate her car: 30 Is one bisons but O! be that moment ever bleft, When first I faw my love, mindil the start of The dearest, sweetest, and the best sitted hub ons but That e'er was form'd above ! and sain b'arraid I saw ten thousand graces rise and em egido lib oll And bloom on ev'ry part; al luisses tud I buod Ten thousand arrows from her eyes Shot thro' my foul, with fweet furprize, And stood to guard her heart. Hard fitte that I middle In vain the envious shades of night, has viveni of Or follies of the day, at fundial and figido I simple Cou'd veil her image from my fight, my my tad'T Or tempt my foul aftray: She is the only waking theme Which o'er my wishes reigns, Her pleasing form meets evry dream, More charms in her each day there feem, That thrill thro' all my veins.

Let me be loft in thy embrace;
As rivers in the fea;
Or live eternity of days,
To love and honour thee!
In those dear arms (but fate controuls)
I'd as the moments fly,
Still breathe away successive souls;
So billow after billow rolls,
To kiss the shore and die.

The charms of bright beauty so powerful are,

For that we make peace, and for that we make war.

Then tell me no more of religion and laws,

Your cant of injustice, the good and bad cause;

Your conquests and triumphs, your captives and spoils,

Shall never incite me to hazardous toils;

To be great, wise, and wealthy I never wou'd chuse,

Shou'd the nymph, I adore, her savour retuse;

But let my Eugenia prove faithful and kind,

I'll weather the winter, and weary the wind;

I'll ravage the seas, the earth and the air,

And combat for her even death and despair.

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SERVER DEDENIE

Tooks abonout box shot of

DAP HAY S. volid asils would of

W H y did I faith and truth prefer, And vainly think that wit wou'd move?

Tis only gold can win the fair,
Gold buys for ev'ry one her love.

Like holy cheats the barters heaven

For gold, not pious deeds and vows;

Minds not who gives, but what is given,
To love the no kind look allows.

This contradiction to my blifs I find

This contradiction to my blifs I find,
I love her heav'nly form, but hate her fordid mind.
THIRSIS.

Happy Daphnis, fince you know!

The price that will your fair one gain,

To yourfelf your ills you owe,

If you idly still complain;

If Cloe's vices the kind balm impart,
That cures the easy wounds her eyes make in your heart.

But there are no hopes for me,

To affwage my raging fmart,

To gain the bright Hermione

There is no price, there is no art;

Honours and heaven are bought by gold and pray'r,
But nature yields no bribe to win the heav'nly fair.

E POWGE WEST

To bis Mistress.

A L L nature blooms when you appear,
The fields their loveliest liv'ry wear;
Oaks, elms, and pines, blest with your view,
Shoot out tresh greens, and bud anew.
Each changing season you supply,
And when you're gone, they fade and die.

Sweet Philomel, in mournful ftrains,

To you appeals, to you complains:

The tow'ring lark, on rifing wing,

Warbles to you, your praife does fing;

He cuts the yielding air, and flies

To heav'n to type your future joys.

The purple violet, damask rose,
Each to delight your senses blows:
The lillies ope' as you appear;
And all the beauties of the year
Diffuse their odours at your seet,
Who give to ev'ry flow'r its sweet.

For flow'rs and women are ally'd,
Both nature's glory, and her pride;
Of ev'ry fragrant fweet poffest,
They bloom but for the fair one's breast;
And to the fwelling bosom born,
Each other mutually adorn.

EXPOSTULATION.

FAIREST fair, to you my fong In warbling numbers flows, For you inspire my grateful tongue And diffipate my woes: My mind, when you, with rays divine, Illuminate, does like you shine.

At once reveal my deftin'd fate, And let me know the worst, To you appeals: I'll arm my felf against your hate, And bear to be accurft! If't must be so, my doom I'll hear, But oh! these cruel doubts I cannot bear!

Soon as my drooping eyes I raise To view your charming face, O'er-whelm'd with joy, lost in amaze, I blefs each sparkling grace! My raptur'd foul springs to my eyes, And tells you all my fears and joys.

How long, o fairest fair, how long Shall I my fuff'rings bear? Why do you thus my passion wrong, And fink me in despair? Now lifted high, now funk as low, You raise me but to plunge in woc.

Ilst surple vie

boo spille wiT

Par Bunfas and

Poor mariners, when storms run high,
Like terrors undergo,
Sometimes they're wasted to the sky,
Then plung'd in sands below:
No more torment me; but be kind,
And cure this ague-fever of my mind.

And damp the bashful muse?

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Q.I.

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to the Mild the second more at Mexico, a text

In only the fire hardistic with higher

Indulge, bleft maid, thy foft defire,

And gentle to me prove;

Then to thy praife I'll ftring my lyre, proven only

And all my powrs shall love.

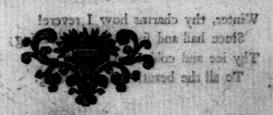
But if thou, deaf to all I've pray'd,

Shalt prove coy, as at first;

Die with the odium of a maid;

Canst thou be more accurst?

She'll are the coin of od'T



HOTCHEROEDERSHOTER

To Lucia returning in the Snow.

SHE comes! in vain the winds and fnows
Endeavour to retard our blifs:
In vain the fun his light withdraws;
Blefs'd with her rays, we need not his,

See! nature wars upon the fair,

Envies her charms the glorious prize;

And fince the earth hath nought fo fair

She'th beg'd th' affiftance of the skies.

But yet in vain th' attack is giv'n,

Tho' new-fall'n fnow falls every place;

The purest white that's under heav'n,

Doth still remain in Lucia's face.

Yet let our fwains their danger know,
Possest of all that can inspire,
Tho' to the eye she's falling snow,
She'll to the heart prove raging fire.

Winter, thy charms how I revere!

Since hail and fnow can Lacis bring;

Thy ice and cold I will prefer

To all the beauties of the fyring.

The gayer seasons of the year,
Their sweets, and slowers no more entice?
They want no beauty who have her;
"Tis ever bloom in paradise.

To a Lute Lake were

The shall be demanded to set talk and

Asson and a feet dance with the confinations.

A MPHION'S lyre the rocky quarry calls,
And stones dance forth, and raise a city's walls:

Arion on a dolphin's back was brought.

Safe to the hospitable shore he sought.

Orpheus's harp charm'd the favage kind, And did an entrance into Acheron find: Infernals did his tuneful lays admire, And he obtain'd of them his first desire.

is tuid

ly syd a:O O my lute! if my touch doth this musick produce, My gentle request thou can't not refuse, 'Tis not to calm hell, smooth the sea in a storm, But only to ease my poor heart's sad alarm; To soften the rigorous torments of grief, Dear companion, my lute, pour me thy relief.



美の国では公司公共が国の実

D AMON ask'd me but once: and I gave him denial, Intending to fnap him the very next tryal:
But, alas! he's determin'd to ask me no more,
And now makes his court to the fair Leonore.
But I'll have a good heart, fince I'm full well affur'd
He ne'er wou'd have taken a maid at her word,
If he'd been worth keeping: for this I difcover,
He that takes the first nay, is a very cold lover.
If deep were his wound, if fincere were his pain,
I know he'd have ask'd me again and again:
Then adieu, let him go; for why shou'd I vex?
Since if he'd been serious, he'd allow'd for the Sex.

O my lute! if my touch doth this mufick produce,
My gentle request their castlenge infuse.
This not to calm hell
But only to case my
To soften the right
Lear companion,
The state of the residual companion,
The state of the stat

And he obtain'd of them his first define.



DAMOR

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